

SELWYN HOUSE
SCHOOL MAGAZINE

ISI



MONTREAL 1956-1957



* SELWYN HOUSE *
SCHOOL MAGAZINE

Vol. 29

FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR 1956-57



1956

1957

SPORTS PRIZE-GIVING GUEST OF HONOUR



DEAN H. NOEL FIELDHOUSE

Foreword

When the Headmaster very graciously asked me to distribute the prizes at the Selwyn House Annual Sports Day, last year, I said that the way in which the Sports had been conducted was very characteristic of the School. I said that the Sports had begun on time; that they had done what they set out to do, and had done it with precision and without fuss; and that to do this sort of thing was very like Selwyn House itself.

You have a very good School and I hope that you are proud of it. For one thing, it is in a good tradition. We frequently meet the silly notion that tradition is a bad thing; that it means living in blinkers and clinging to old and outworn ideas. In truth, paying respect to tradition is a kind of democracy. The man who rejects tradition is saying that only those of us who happen to be alive to-day have opinions which matter. The man who respects tradition is a great deal more humble and, therefore, a great deal more democratic. Democracy says that we should pay attention to the opinions of good men even though they happen to be lowly. Tradition says that we should pay attention to the opinion of good men even though they happen to be our fathers and grandfathers. The tradition of Selwyn House is to believe that a boy can learn to do some things carefully and thoroughly: and it is a good tradition.

I never visit the School and see you all gathered together but I think of that other silly notion that to have special and distinctive School insignia is to cultivate snobbery. The man who holds this notion is completely mistaken about the nature of uniforms and about the nature of ritual. The purpose of such uniform—whether for a priest or for a soldier or for a schoolboy—is not to set the wearer apart from, and above, his fellows, but to support and strengthen him. The Christian tradition knows that, to the best of men, there come hours when the flesh or the will is weak, and that, in such an hour, a man may do things which are weak or shameful unless he can find help from outside himself: and it is this help which tradition and ritual and training are meant to provide.

The soldier who would flinch is lifted through his first experience of fear by the tradition of his regiment, by his training and by the need not to dishonour the uniform which he wears. And there are things—small failures of honesty or of chivalry or of conduct—which a boy might well do but which he cannot do while he wears the cap or the colours of a proud School. The black and gold of Selwyn House and its motto of 'Veritas' are not decorations. They represent standards of work and of conduct which the School maintains, and they help to lift every boy who wears them as near to those standards as he can get.

It is a good thing for Montreal that it has Selwyn House, and I know that I speak for the parents of its boys, past and present, when I express the hope that it may long continue in its high tradition.

H. NOEL FIELDHOUSE,
Dean of McGill College.

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(~~McGill University~~)

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(Librarian)

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(McGill University)

OFFICE STAFF

(Mrs.) Constance E. Howis

(Miss) Frances H. Gault

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SCHOOL PREFECTS



Rear: P. Jackson, P. Phillips, D. Hutcheson, D. Javitch, C. Coristine, M. Barry.
 Centre: A. Wakefield, D. Murfin, D. Doyle, P. Nobbs, P. Terroux, T. Lafontaine, M. Ferro.
 Bottom: C. Hyde, Mr. Moodey, the Headmaster, Mr. Phillips, B. Saunderson, M. Stanger.

Student Officers

PREFECTS

Christopher Hyde (Head Prefect)

Brian Saunderson (Assistant Head Prefect)

Michael Barry

Christopher Coristine

Donald Doyle

Maximilian Ferro

David Hutcheson

Peter Jackson

Daniel Javitch

Todd LaFontaine

Kerry Martin

David Murfin

Peter Nabbs

Patrick Phillips

Michael Stanger

Peter Terroux

Allan Wakefield

DEBATING SOCIETY

(Mu Club)

Daniel Javitch

CRICKET (1956)

Robin Gilbert

FOOTBALL (1956)

Donald Doyle

HOCKEY (1957)

Brian Saunderson

HOUSE CAPTAINS AND VICE-CAPTAINS

Lucas House

Allan Wakefield

Christopher Hyde

Wanstall House

Michael Stanger

Peter Nabbs

Macaulay House

Brian Saunderson

Patrick Phillips

Speirs House

Donald Doyle

David Hutcheson

SCOUTS

Bulldog Patrol

Maximilian Ferro

Eagle Patrol

Peter Schaal

Cougar Patrol

Michael Berrill

Magazine Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Daniel Javitch

SPORTS EDITORS

Brian Saunderson

LITERARY EDITOR

Maximilian Ferro

Donald Doyle

ART EDITOR

Peter Terroux

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITORS

Christopher Coristine

Michael Stanger

CLASS EDITORS

Ralph Walker

Gordon Peters

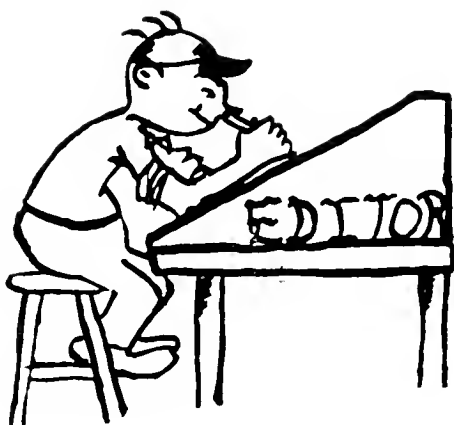
Christopher Hyde

VALETE — 1956

Aikman, Robert	Khazzam, Selman
Barry, David	Knudsen, Ditlef
Bannycastle, Stephen	LeMoine, Nicholas
Chafardet, Oswaldo	Lucas, Crozier
Chamard, John	Meadowcroft, Michael
Calby, Robert	Meadowcroft, Simon
Dodd, Brian	Moore, Rodney
Dupont, William	Moquette, Lawrence
Fieldhouse, John	Newman, John
Gilbert, Robin	Parker, Stephen
Grant, Alex	Phillips, David
Hallett, Robert	Smith, Robert
Hearne, John	Teryazas, Leantios
Heorne, Michael	Thomsan, George
Henwood, James	Vadstrcil, Peter
Kaestli, Vytis	

SALVETE — 1956-57

Amundsen, Per	Kent, John
Boulton, Michael	Kerlin, Robert
Brock, Barry	Macaulay, John
Carrigan, Michael	Malone, David
Carsley, John	Martin, John
Copping, James	Matthews, Lee
Culver, Michael	McDougall, James
Cusack, Brian	Mills, David
Daniels, Eli	Molsan, Peter
Dovies, Robin	Martan, Derek
Dabell, Jon	Maseley, John
Drummond, John	Odell, Carroll
Dufour, Paul	Ostiguy, Robert
Eaton, Kim	Palmer, William
Fisher, Thomas	Peel, Hugo
Fitzpatrick, Michael	Pitt, Barry
Fuller, David	Rondaccia, Antonio
Galt, David	Rawlings, Mark
Golt, John	Sanford, David
Graham, Robert	Selye, Jean
Grant, Homer	Size, Thomas
Gwinnell, John	Stethem, Mark
Herzer, Richard	Smith, Martin
Hitesman, Jonathan	Tatlow, John
Haffmann, Michael	Van Rantwyk, Philip



Editorial

As we, the 1957 graduates, leave Selwyn House, we take with us many happy memories which we shall treasure for the rest of our lives. There are friends we met, the activities in which we took part, the staff of men and women who gave so much effort and attention in preparing us for life, the sports championships which we won, and many, many others. Although many of us will not admit it, we are all a bit misty-eyed at the prospect of leaving the place where we have spent several years, acquiring knowledge which we shall use through life.

Let us try to be the best graduating class ever and to enhance with honour the good reputation our school has established. The first graduating class of the school must have had great dreams for their successors. We can add no more to these dreams, but can only do our best to fulfil them. We pass our hopes to our school-mates of lower grades. May they keep up the high standards which Selwyn House has achieved in athletic and academic activities.

Now that we have come to the parting of ways, let us show the world that graduates of Selwyn House School are second to none in citizenship, character and perseverance, and that we are worthy of the fine reputation of our school. May our future achievements be our form of gratitude to our tutors.

Speakers

As in past years, we have been favoured by visits from a number of distinguished speakers to the school. Among those who have thus honoured us since our last magazine went to print are the following:—

His Excellency Sir Douglas Copland, K.B.E., C.M.G., LL.D., High Commissioner for Australia, Professor H. Noel Fieldhouse, Dean of Arts and Science at McGill University, Mr. Charles C. Calby* and Mr. Francis J. Nabbs,* who spoke at the Academic Prizegiving, the Sports Prizegiving and the School Gym Displays respectively;

Professor Percy Nabbs, Mr. J. E. Nickson, Mr. Teddy Caumantaras,* who showed movies or slides;

Right Rev. Thomas Greenwood, L.Th., D.D., Lord Bishop of Yukon, Rev. Harold E. Frankham, Rector of Middleton, Manchester, Rev. Eric McIlwain, B.D., Dominion Douglas Church, Westmaunt, who addressed special assemblies;

Hon. M. A. Rauf, B.A., B.C.L., LL.D., High Commissioner for India, Sir Francis Ibiom of Nigeria, who described conditions in their countries; Lieutenant-Commander Peter Hamilton, D.S.C., who gave an account of his solo transatlantic crossing in a 24 ft. sloop, and Colonel R. Peter Fleming, O.B.E., who answered many questions about his world travels;

Scout Commissioner Willis P. Malane, who spoke on the 100th anniversary of the birth of Lord Baden Powell, and Commissioner Goat who presided over a Going-up ceremony from Cubs to Scouts;

Mr. P. T. Malsan,* who spoke eloquently on the Welfare Federation Campaign, and Mr. Charles Houston, who addressed the senior boys on social problems;

Mr. Raymond E. Parsons, who judged the annual Public Speaking Contest — finalists being Maxie Ferra, Christopher Hyde, Daniel Javitch, Tadd LaFontaine, Patrick Phillips, Allan Wakefield;

Mr. Gordon MacDaugoll,* Chairman of the Board of Governors, who spoke at the first Prefects' Investiture of the year, Major C. D. Munra, who addressed the Remembrance Day Service on November 11;

Mr. Sydney T. Fisher, who spoke to the Seniors in the Art Gallery about his exhibition of Shakespeareana, Mr. Ernest Usher-Jones,* who addressed the graduates at the closing luncheon of the year, and Bobby Aikman,* Head Prefect, who delivered the valedictory address.

*indicates Old Boy of School.

SOME ASSEMBLY SPEAKERS



Top left: Major C. D. Munro.



Top right: Sir Francis Ibiom.



Bottom: Commander Peter Hamilton.

Board and Staff

The Board of Governors were very sorry to lose the valuable services of Mr. Howard I. Ross, C.A., O.B.E., who resigned in October last because of pressure of other important activities. We would like to express to Mr. Ross the school's gratitude for the wealth of experience and leadership which he gave so freely to all matters connected with school policy whilst a member of the Board.

The Board were happy to welcome Mr. Robert W. Wokefield as a new member at the annual meeting.

Three members of the teaching staff are leaving Selwyn House at the close of the current session, Mme Anne Gyger, Mr. John D. Howes, and Mr. J. Douglas Cooke.

Mme Gyger has taught French at our school since September, 1945 and endeared herself to Staff and boys alike by her friendliness and charm. As the school has expanded and the burden grown heavier, Mme. Gyger would naturally like to lighten the teaching load. We are sorry to see her go from us, but she does so with our sincere thanks and all good wishes.

To Mr. Howes Selwyn House was his first teaching appointment—and to all his assignments he has brought a happy blend of enthusiasm and skill, which has made his five-year stay with us such a fruitful one for all concerned—in class-work (and especially Nature Study), in wolf cubs, in sports, and in the pioneer work of building up a first-class course in Manual Training. As he leaves us to take a responsible position in the High School field, we would assure him of our appreciation and look to hear of his continued success.

Mr. Cooke has been with us only since September, having replaced Mr. Mingie as director of Physical Training. During his short stay, however, his efficiency, drive and ability to inspire the boys to do their best have made a decided impression on all who have watched his work, and his Gym Display was noteworthy for variety, precision and enthusiasm. His work in sports, especially as coach of the senior hockey team, was tireless and competent, and we would all wish him the best of good fortune in his new sphere of responsibility.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Howes and to Mr. and Mrs. Iversen on the birth of baby sons.

The Staff were delighted to see the happy picture of Miss Snead in an English paper recently, enjoying the spring sunshine of the south coast.

The Library

Throughout the past year, in addition to many new books, the members of the library have enjoyed numerous and varied exhibitions, the materials for which have been provided by themselves, with the exception of two displays which were lent by McGill University. We have been constantly surprised by the excellence of the contributions which have made the exhibits so interesting.

The 'Prehistoric Age of the Dinosaurs' was brought to us by splendid models of monsters of that era; the 'Stone Age' by Indian arrowheads, stone axes and corn grinders. Aspects of animals and fishes were brought home to us by the exhibit of a tooth of a whale, a shark, and a horse. In addition we were intrigued by the sole of an elephant's foot, and a stuffed bat, mounted with wings outstretched. The latter made the models of aeroplanes in flight look quite crude.

Some of the activities of man were represented in models showing the development of ships in the water and ships in the air, and in various examples of weapons, including an Executioner's Sword from Bali, and two XVI century pistols from Italy. Other exhibits illustrated the following:— 'The United Nations'; 'Stamps' (for which we were proud to show a 'Collector's Exhibit'); 'Military Models'; 'Medals and Badges'; 'Geological Specimens' (asbestos was particularly popular); 'Shells' (an especially beautiful display); and 'Coins'. There was also an exhibit with reference to the life of Lord Baden-Powell, in honour of his birthday. Two very interesting exhibitions, arranged by Mr. Howes, were on loan from the Redpath Museum. These were on 'Birds' and 'Invertebrates'.

Many kind donations have been received. Mrs. Jacqueline Berrill presented an autographed copy of her very interesting work on Albert Schweitzer; Dr. Hans Selye gave the Library a signed copy of his valuable book "The Stress of Life"; Mr. Frank Nabbs presented three plaques, copies of the work of the distinguished Canadian sculptor Dr. R. Tait McKenzie. Colonel Stethem kindly gave six geological specimens with descriptive labels as a gift from his son Mark. These have already been very useful for reference. Neil and Roderick Bell presented a collection of interesting coins, including four from the time of the Roman Empire.

Collections of books have been donated by the following;—Miss Mabel Malsan; Epaminondas Embiricos; Michael Guité; Gordon Peters; Robert Stikeman; James Morgan; Peter Terroux; Mrs. P. Zinmon; Mrs. C. C. Calby; Mr. C. R. Stallmeyer. Michael Gwinnell has given five new and interesting books from the Children's Book Club, which have been much enjoyed.

Amongst the outstanding works acquired by Library funds are "Lands and Peoples of the World" in seven volumes (illustrated); the Oxford Junior Encyclopedia, volume X; the "County" and "Regional" books of England in thirty volumes (some of which were given by Miss Malsan).

The catalogued books in the Library at the end of March 1957 numbered 4235. During the year 320 books have been added to the collection. The circulation of books from April 12, 1956 to March 27, 1957, amounted to 4,279.

D.W.



Stephen Parker and Bobby Aikman.

Sports and Sports Prizegiving

JUNE, 1956

After a postponement caused by bad weather, the annual track-meet and sports prizegiving of the school were held on the afternoon of Monday, June 4th, with a large group of parents and friends in attendance.

The Victor Ludorum Cup for the highest aggregate of points in the open events of the meet was won by Stephen Parker, the McMaster Memorial Cup for all-round distinction in senior sports was awarded to Nicky LeMoine, the Cassils Memorial Cup for sportsmanship in the middle-school went to Alex Miller.

Guest of Honour at the Prizegiving was Dean H. Noel Fieldhouse, of McGill University, who congratulated the contestants and presented the prizes, which included top awards in scouting, swimming, boxing, skiing, as well as house league competitions, as follows:—

- | | | |
|--|---|-------------------|
| 1. 75 yards (9 years) | 1st P. Doheny | 2nd L. Hibbert |
| 2. 75 yards (8 years) | 1st J. Sedgewick | 2nd R. Graham |
| 3. 75 yards (7 years) | 1st A. Case | 2nd K. Cobbett |
| 4. 75 yards (6 years) | 1st C. Phillips | 2nd P. Gainsbury |
| 5. 100 yards (10 years) | 1st D. McNeill | 2nd D. Steven |
| 6. 100 yards (11 years) | 1st V. Kaestli | 2nd P. Kingston |
| 7. 100 yards (12 years) | 1st P. Phillips, J. Fieldhouse
J. Newman (equal) | |
| 8. 100 yards (13 years) | 1st P. Nabbs | 2nd B. Saunderson |
| 9. 100 yards (open) | 1st S. Parker | 2nd B. Dodd |
| 10. Broad Jump (under 13 years) | 1st V. Kaestli | 2nd P. Phillips |
| 11. Broad Jump (open) | 1st R. Aikman | 2nd B. Dodd |
| 12. High Jump (under 13 years) | 1st J. Fieldhouse | 2nd V. Kaestli |
| 13. High Jump (open) | 1st R. Aikman | 2nd N. LeMaine |
| 14. 220 yards (open) | 1st S. Parker | 2nd B. Dodd |
| 15. Relay Races — Intermediate B, Lucas House; Intermediate A, Macaulay House;
Junior B, Lucas House; Junior A, Macaulay House;
Senior B, Wanstall House; Senior A, Lucas House. | | |
| 16. 440 yards (open) | 1st S. Parker | 2nd B. Dodd |
| 17. Sack Race (Junior) | 1st P. Doheny | 2nd L. Gainsbury |
| 18. Sack Race (Senior) | 1st J. Chamard | 2nd B. Saunderson |
| 19. Sisters' Race (100 yards handicap) | 1st Gabrielle Maquette | |
| 20. Brothers' Race | 1st Tommy Oliver | |
| 21. Father, Mother and Son Race | 1st The Dodd Family | |
| 22. Scouting Awards —
Mackenzie Cup — Bulldog Patrol (P. Vadstrcil, P/L; M. Ferro, D. Phillips, P. Schaal, M. Berrill, N. Kairis,
C. Hyde).
Best Senior Cub Six — Gold (H. Bloomfield, R. Johnston, M. Gwinnell, R. Dadds, G. Fisher).
Winner of Jack Barclay Memorial Trophy — Harry Bloomfield.
Best Junior Cub Six — Brown (P. Webster, G. McNeil, N. Bell, J. Sedgewick, C. Hoffmann, B. Macaulay). | | |
| 23. Swimming Awards — R. Aikman, S. Bonnycastle, R. Colby, R. Henwood, B. Saunderson. | | |
| 24. Boxing Competition — Lightweight, R. Dalman; Bantamweight, S. Paquet; Welterweight, A. Wakefield;
Heavyweight, R. Colby. | | |
| 25. Skiing Awards — Intermediate Cross-country, V. Kaestli; Intermediate Slalom, V. Kaestli; Intermediate
Downhill, G. Maxwell; Senior Cross-country, D. Knudsen; Senior Slalom, D. Doyle; Senior Downhill,
D. Doyle. | | |
| 26. Junior Sportsman's Cup (Cassils Memorial Cup) — Alex Miller. | | |
| 27. The Sportsman's Cup (McMaster Memorial Cup) — Nicky LeMaine. | | |
| 28. Victor Ludorum — Stephen Parker | | |
| 29. Soccer (The Gillespie Cup) | | Macaulay House |
| 30. Hockey (The Creighton Cup) | | Macaulay House |
| 31. Basketball (The Rutley Cup) | | Lucas House |
| 32. Softball (The Carlin Cup) | | Macaulay House |
| 33. Cricket (The Howis Cup) | | Speirs House |
| 34. House Competition in Individual Sports (The Pitcher Cup) | | Lucas House |





Academic Prizegiving

(JUNE, 1956)

The Academic Prizegiving of the School was held, as last year, in the spacious Mayse Hall of McGill University. Guest of Honour was His Excellency, Sir Douglas Copland, K.B.E., C.M.G., LL.D., Australian High Commissioner to Canada, whose speech in part was as follows:

You have youth, your country has youth, as does mine, and thus you are doubly blessed. You belong to a great Commonwealth of Nations with its inheritance of parliamentary government, the rule of law and freedom of association among peoples of vastly different race, religion and experience. It is an expanding Commonwealth, rich in all the forces that foster the good life and offering unlimited opportunities for enterprise and adventure. There is much awaiting you in your own country; there is even more in your Commonwealth and in other fields of fruitful international cooperation. The frustrations of the thirties and the futility of the days of isolation belong to the past; there is no place for them in the world you are entering. We can't afford any longer to be little Canadians or little Australians; we have to embrace the problems of the Commonwealth, and of a new and exciting world, as well as our own, and make a contribution to this new world as well as to the pressing claims of our own countries.

This may involve some burdens as we already know since the war, but they are small compared with the opportunities it offers of a fuller and richer life. In this respect you are a fortunate generation, standing as you do on the threshold of great developments in science and technique in all fields of human endeavour, of new and exciting forms of international cooperation, of great and noble ventures in the expansion of the horizons of human welfare. May I remind you, both young and old, of what the greatest of our historians, Arnold Toynbee, had to say on this recently. He remarked that future generations will look back upon this age not so much as one of conflicts and controversies, but as one in which men everywhere dared to think of the welfare of the whole human race as a practicable objective.

The Greeks had a saying that it is men, not walls, that make a city. This is just as true today of this much bigger and far more complicated world. The Chinese had a saying: there is no substitute for sweat. This is also true today, in spite of automation and all the gadgets the flesh is now heir to. It is well to remind ourselves of these fundamental things. In this complex world, with all its allurements of material success, it is more than ever true than it was in the days when the Apostle Paul wrote the Epistle to the Ephesians, that you should "put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil". Training and technical skills are at a premium today, and, in one sense, this is your refuge and your strength. But trust and leadership and intellectual and moral integrity are also at a premium, and your world and your life will fail you if you neglect these qualities and become absorbed in the glamour and excitement around you. Let it be said of you individually in the simple language of the Scots: he was a good man. How little we hear this expression today — not because there are not plenty of good men still, in the original sense of the expression, but with all the modern jargon in education and psychology, we are in danger of losing the virtue of simplicity. It is for you to decide whether you are going to be cogs in a wheel, robots that are slaves to modern techniques and the pursuit of riches, or men in charge of their fate, contributing in labour and goodness to their world, and in the process enriching their own lives. You will not do this unless you recognize that men and women in their daily lives and in the moulding of their characters still decide the fate of communities and nations. This school will have taught you that, as well as giving you a basic education; do not dwell too much on the advantages of the basic education; in the long run it may be less important than the view of life and the sense of responsibility you have acquired for your school, your community, your nation and your wider Commonwealth.

The following was the prize list for the academic year: —

Form D	1st J. Hearne	2nd {M. Molson H. Joseph
Form C	1st R. Dobell	2nd J. Caristine
Form B	1st K. Cobbett	2nd D. Laing
Form A1	1st P. Valois	2nd G. Hébert
Form A2	1st G. McNeil	2nd P. Webster
Form 1A	1st R. Johnston	2nd S. Ayre
Form 1B	1st W. Bollontyne	2nd S. Wells
Form II	1st {R. Walker L. Watchorn	2nd T. Stewart
Form IIIA	1st A. Miller	2nd E. Embiricos
Form IIIB	1st N. Kairis	2nd J. Fieldhouse
Form IV	1st A. Wakefield	2nd D. Jovitch
Form V	1st P. Vodstrcil	2nd J. Chamard

Distinction in Oral French

Senior: P. Vodstrcil

Intermediate: L. Watchorn

Distinction in Junior School French
(presented by Mrs. G. Miller Hyde)
G. Hébert

Distinction in Senior Mathematics
(presented by Colin Moseley)
J. Chamard

Distinction in Fourth Form Latin
P. Phillips

Distinction in History
J. Chamard

Distinction in Third Form Mathematics
(presented by Mrs. G. R. H. Sims)
E. Embiricos

Distinction in Fourth Form Science
(Presented by Dr. & Mrs. H. Baxter)
A. Wokefield

Public Speaking Prize
(presented by Hon. Mr. Justice G. M. Hyde)
J. Chamard

Prize for General Excellence
(presented by Mr. T. H. P. Molson)
R. Hallett

Distinction in Literature
P. Vodstrcil

Angus Murray Essay Prize
J. Chamard

Distinction in Creative Writing
(presented by Mr. & Mrs. C. F. Carsley)
D. Phillips

Distinction in Choir
(presented by Mrs. Ansan C. McKim)
R. Smith D. Steven

Dramatics Prizes
(presented by Mr. & Mrs. H. S. Bagert)

D. Barry

J. Chamard

P. Vodstrcil

Magazine Contest Awards

Essay
J. Chamard

Poetry
E. Embiricos

Short Story
D. Barry

Prizes for Order
(Donated by Montreal City & District Savings Bank)
1st D. Phillips 2nd G. Thomsan

Prefects' Medals

D. Barry
J. Chamard
R. Colby
B. Dodd
R. Gilbert
R. Hallett

J. Henwood
D. Knudsen
N. LeMoine
S. Parker
D. Phillips
G. Thomson
P. Vodstrcil

Head Prefect's Cup
R. Aikman

House Captains' Cups
R. Aikman R. Gilbert N. LeMoine D. Phillips

House Prizes for Individual Achievement
(presented by Mr. & Mrs. G. N. Kairis)

Academic
Senior: A. Miller
Junior: P. Volois

General Activities
J. Chamard
P. Webster

The Nesbitt Cup
(for inter-house Competition in General Activities)
Macaulay House

The Anstey Cup
(for inter-house Academic Competition)
Macaulay House

The LeMoine Trophy
(for inter-house Competition in Debating)
Speirs House

The Governors' Shield
(for over-all ascendancy in inter-house Competition)
Macaulay House

The Bagert Cricket Trophy
(for competition between the 1st XI and the Fathers' Team)
Won by The Fathers

The Lieutenant-Governor's Silver Medal
for Academic Distinction in Senior School
P. Vodstrcil

The Lieutenant-Governor's Bronze Medal
for Academic Distinction in Junior School
P. Valais

The Jeffrey Russel Prize
(Awarded for all-round ability and presented by Mrs. H. Y. Russel)
D. Phillips

The Lucas Medal
(Awarded to the most outstanding boy in the Senior Form of the School in work,
games, leadership and character, on vote of his fellow-students
and Staff of the School)
R. Aikman

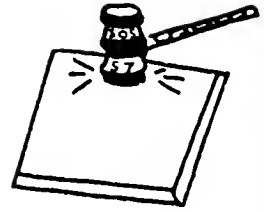
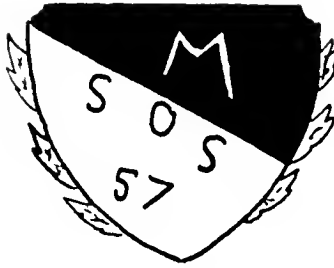
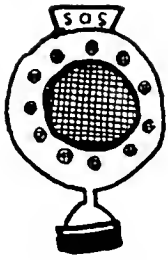
Academic Successes

To Ashbury College — Scholarships won by J. Chamard, R. Gilbert and R. Moore.

To Bishop's College School — Scholarships won by John Fieldhouse and Peter Vodstrcil.

To Lower Canada College — Scholarships won by Gordon Peters and David Phillips;
Bursary awarded to Robert Hallett.





Debating

The 1956-57 debating club of the Selwyn House Oratorical Society was named MU. It was composed of all the boys in the fifth form plus one member from the fourth. At the first meeting the Executive Committee was elected by the members, with Daniel Javitch voted as President, Christopher Hyde as Vice-president and Brian Saunderson as Secretary-Treasurer.

The club meetings took place every fortnight, either on Thursdays or Fridays. Several of the meetings were held at the homes of some of the members, who received us with much hospitality. The meetings' programs consisted of set speeches, briefs, and formal debates. The latter covered a large variety of subjects. For example: resolved that "British products are better than American ones" or that "Smoking is injurious to boys", and in a lighter vein, that "The modern girl is most unfeminine" or that "The Barbarian is happier than the Civilized man".

The Society has had a most successful year, and it would wish to express its gratitude to Mr. Speirs for having taken some of his precious time in supervising the club throughout the season.

INTER-HOUSE DEBATING

Enthusiastic and keen competition resulted from the annual inter-house debating contest.

The preliminary debates and house teams were as follows :

(1) "Resolved that country life is better than city life."

Affirmative: Lucas Team — Maximilian Ferro and Allan Wakefield.

Negative: Wanstall Team — Michael Stanger and Todd LaFontaine.

(2) "Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished".

Affirmative: Macaulay Team — Daniel Javitch and Brian Saunderson.

Negative: Speirs Team — Donald Doyle and David Hutcheson.

Wanstall defeated Lucas in the first debate and Macaulay emerged victorious in the second.

In the Finals of the inter-house competition, the Wanstall Team defeated the Macaulay Team, upholding the affirmative that "Those with most money are not the wealthiest". Similarly the Lucas Team defeated the Speirs in the affirmative resolution that "Education overstresses extra-curricular activities". Thus Wanstall was first, Macaulay second, Lucas third, and Speirs fourth.

We are very grateful to Mr. Moodey who took the time and trouble in judging and commenting on the debates.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

The annual Public Speaking Competition was held in the middle of March this year, the preliminaries being judged by the Headmaster and the finals, which took place at the school, by Mr. Raymond Parsons, a distinguished Montreal lawyer.

Those chosen to speak in the finals were: Maxi Ferro, Christopher Hyde, Daniel Javitch, Todd LaFontaine, Patrick Phillips, and Allan Wakefield. Unfortunately Allan Wakefield was prevented by illness from being present at the finals. Christopher Hyde was adjudged the winner, with Daniel Javitch and Patrick Phillips being placed second and third respectively. Brian Saunderson acted as chairman and Michael Stanger was time-keeper.

THE FOLLOWING WERE THE FINALISTS' SPEECHES:

Maxi Ferro: "General Gordon, Christian, Saldier and Hero."

Christopher Hyde: "Fingerprinting in the F.B.I."

Daniel Javitch: "The relationship between Man and Cat."

Todd LaFontaine: "Skin Diving."

Patrick Phillips: "What you see and how you see."

THE CHOIR

Congratulations are extended to Rodney Smith and Donald Steven, who were awarded the Senior and Intermediate Singing Prizes last June. The Test Pieces were "Linden Lea" and "Early One Morning". This year the competition in the Senior Choir promises to be particularly keen, as the number of boys able to sing solos with distinction is unusually large.

At the Christmas Entertainment three chairs sang groups of carols. The soloists on that occasion were:—(Senior Choir) Rodney Smith, Donald Steven, Gerald Ross, Ralph Walker, Michael Gwinnell, Timothy Caristine, Nicholas Kairis, Gordon Peters and Harry Bloomfield. (Intermediate Choir) Billy Ballantyne, David Malone, Graham Tennant, Teddy Manthorp, Peter Martin, Christopher Raulson and Eric Garland. (Junior Choir) Michael Boulton, Ronnie Graham, Billy Eaton, Duncan Farbes, Jimmy Sedgewick, Bobby Bloomberg, and John Angus.

Since September a number of interesting and more difficult hymn tunes has been learned, and the speed with which this has been done has been most encouraging.

During the Easter Term a bass section was added to the Choir, which in spite of the very limited time available for practice, nevertheless was soon heard to advantage. As a number of voices are reaching the "changing" stage, it is probable that this part will be considerably augmented after Easter, and possibly a tenor section inaugurated. We are most grateful for the keen interest and enthusiasm of all concerned.

F.G.P.



Dramatic Entertainment

The French play, "Pages Perdues", offered a merry picture of a harassed author striving to work (superfluously, as it proved) under difficulties, and driven to frenzy by a series of interruptions. In the main role, David Walker displayed an unsuspected talent, and his performance deserves every praise. As the author's wife, Vincent Prager provided a delightful study of a somewhat formidable mistress of the house; Michael Gwinell carried the part of the author's daughter well. The other players, making only brief appearances at the door to provoke the harassed author, provided a splendidly varied series of vignettes — Keith Murfin as the postman; Michael Bostian as a persistent old-clothes man; Gerald Rass as a quite tuneful street-singer; Timothy Stewart as a vaciferous and undaunted vacuum-cleaner salesman; Stephon Paquet as a somewhat dull-witted milkman; and Danold Steven as a dapper gendarme selling charity tickets.

The interlude, which supplies light relief between the earlier part of the programme and the more serious play which ends it, was this year another very free adaptation — this time of O. Henry's story, "The Cop and the Anthem". It proved one of the most effective which the school has offered. Michael Stonger, briefly glimpsed a year ago as a delightful hobo, now revealed himself, in a somewhat similar character, as an actor with a marked gift for comedy and a talent for serious acting. His portrayal of Soapy, bent on getting into jail for the winter, and moved to contemplate reformation when he was frustrated, only to find himself at last on the way to jail after all, was an admirable *tour de force*, and one long to be remembered. The contrast between his attempt to sing "Home on the Range" and his wistful recollections of his youth, compressed in so short a time, was a remarkable achievement.

Pandy Embiricos, as Dusty, Soapy's derelict companion, proved precisely the foil the part needed, and he rose to great heights as he followed Soapy's lead. David Hutcheson, as a jolly rubicund and dull-witted Cop, added precisely the touch that the story demanded. Of the minor characters, Alex Miller as the dignified old gentleman achieved a minor triumph of his own. John Nickson was an alarmingly formidable "chucker-out"; Gordon Peters proved himself something of an *enfant terrible*; Peter Terraux, the umbrella-thief whose umbrella Soapy stole, offered a brief but entertaining study in embarrassed guilt; and Nicolas Kairis was a suave and elegant man-about-town. Between them they managed to offer something new in sound-effects, from the crash of a breaking window to the impressive music of the Anthem.

"Brothers in Arms", by Merrill Denison, was the fare provided by the senior boys. Maxie Ferro was well cast as the efficiency-minded Major J. Altrus Browne, whose explosive temper and impatience, as well as his air of self-importance and authority, provided a great deal of comic effect. Patrick Phillips proved a very successful Mrs. Browne — sentimental, wide-eyed and naive, enthralled by the great Canadian out-of-doors.

The slow-moving, slow-speaking backwoodsmen of the play were acted by Daniel Jovitch, Christopher Hyde and Peter Nabbs. Daniel bore the brunt admirably with his rendering of Syd White — deliberate, exasperating, at times mildly remonstrative and indignant at Browne's attack on his philosophy of life, but always convincing and sure-footed. Christopher Hyde, friendly and down-to-earth, made an admirable hunting companion to Daniel and Peter Nabbs, as Charlie Henderson, enlivened the closing scene of the play with a very effective account of a deer-hunting which drove Browne into uncontrollable frenzy. Michael Barry was an efficient stage manager.

As usual, Mrs. Hawis and Mrs. Tester looked after the technical details of make-up to perfection, and Mr. Moody had all things behind the curtain under rigorous control.

SNAPS OF THE PLAYS



Top left: The Cop and the Anthem.



Top right: Pages Perdues.



Bottom: Brothers in Arms.

Form Notes

FORM V

MICHAEL LAWRENCE PATRICK BARRY
(1953-1957)

Wanstall House

"When Irish eyes are smiling."

(1953) Choir; (1953-64) Choir; (1954-55) Dramatics; Choir; (1955-56) Choir; (1956-57) Full Prefect; Dramatics (Stage Manager); Chair.

Ambition: Aviator.

Favourite Saying: "There'll always be an Ireland."

CHRISTOPHER ROBERT CORISTINE
(1948-1957)

Speirs House

I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing.

(1953-54) Cubs, Winning Six; (1954-55) Under 12 Hockey and Soccer; Cub Sixer; (1955-56) Under 13 Hockey and Soccer; (1956-57) Under 15 Hockey and Soccer; Full Prefect; Photography Editor.

Ambition: Engineer.

Favourite Saying: "Aw shucks."

DONALD HUGH DOYLE
(1948-1957)

Speirs House

"Thou wouldst be great, art not without ambition, but without the industry should attend it — Q.E.D."

(1949-50) Track Meet (75 yards Under 8); Cubs Secander; (1950-51) Gym Crest; (1951-52) Track Meet (75 yards. Under 10); Jr. House Captain; Cub Sixer; Jr. Gym Team; (1952-53) Under 12 Soccer, Hackey; Gym Team; (1953-54) Under 12 Soccer (Capt), Hockey (Capt.); Gym Team and Crest; Intermediate House Captain; Under 12, 13 Cricket; (1954-55) Skiing (2 awards); Jr. Sportsman's Cup; Under 13 Hockey (Capt.); Boxing (Bontam); Under 13 High Jump; Gym Team; (1955-56) Skiing (2 awards); House Vice Captain; Winning Scout Patrol; Under 13 Hockey (Cap.), Soccer; Head Monitor; Gym Team; Under 15 Cricket; (1956-57) Under 15 Soccer (Colours, Capt.); House Debating; Gym Team; Ski Team; House Captain; Under 15 Hackey (Vice-Capt., Colours); Full Prefect.

Ambition: Engineer.

Favourite Saying: "Ah, go away."

MAXIMILIAN LUCIANO LEONIDA FERRO
(1951-1957)

Lucas House

"All great men are dead, I don't feel so well myself."

(1951-52) Junior School French Prize. (1953-54) Form Prize (1st) Intermediate School French. Scouts Winning Patrol. Dramatics. (1954-55) Maths Prize. (1955-56) Royal Empire Society Essay. (Hon. Men) Scouts Winning Patrol, (Secunder). Dramatics. (1956-57) Under 15 Soccer. Magazine Lit. Editor. Dramatics. House Debating. Public Speaking Finalist. Scout Patrol Leader. Full Prefect. Essay Competition, Winner.

Ambition: Civil Engineer.

Favourite Saying: "What's for dessert, mille-feuilles?"



John J. Jander
Principal

SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL

GRADUATING CLASS

1957

DAVID JAMES HUTCHESON
(1955-57)

"Sport that wrinkled core derides, and laughter holding both its sides."

(1955) Under 15 Cricket (Colours); (1955-56) Under 15 Soccer (Colours), Cricket (Colours); Dramatics; (1956-57) Under 15 Soccer (Colours); Vice Captain Soccer; House Vice Captain; Full Prefect; House Debating; Dramatics.

Ambition: Low.

Favourite Saying: "Let's go, Mocduff."

CHRISTOPHER GEORGE DAWES HYDE
(1948-1957)

Lucas House

"Some credit in being jolly."

(1948-49), (1949-50), and (1950-51), Form Prize (1st). (1951-52) Form Prize (1st). Lt. Governor's Bronze Medol. (1952-53) Form Prize (1st). Cubs Secondar. (1954-55) Cricket, Under 13, Under 15. (1955-56) Dramatics. Scouts Winning Patrol. Head Table Monitor. Cricket Under 15. (1956-57) Dramatics. Magazine Class Editor. Vice President Debating. Vice Captain Lucas House. Under 15 Soccer (Colours). Under 15 Hockey (Colours). Full Prefect. Public Speaking Finalist (1st). Head Prefect.

Ambition: Low.

Favourite Saying: "So—?" or "Cover the man in front of the net."

PETER WILLIAM EMERSON JACKSON
(1948-1957)

Lucas House

"I enjoy convalescence. It is the part that makes illness worth while."

(1955-56) Dramatics; Ski Meet; (1956-57) Prefect.

Ambition: Engineer.

Favourite Saying: "zzzzz . . . yawn . . . what page are we on?"

DANIEL GILBERT JAVITCH
(1954-1957)

Mocouloy House

"Je pense donc je suis."

(1954-55) Form Prize 2nd; Dramatics; (1955-56) Form Prize 2nd; Dramatics; Royal Empire Society Essay (Hon. Mention); (1956-57) Dramatics Prize; House Debating Finalist; Public Speaking Finalist (2nd); President Debating Society; Editor of Magazine; Full Prefect.

Ambition: Archaeologist.

Favourite Saying: Various queer sounds.

TODD CARLISLE LAFONTAINE
(1952-1957)

Wonstall House

"Animals are such agreeable friends."

(1953-54) Choir Prize; (1955-56) Class Orator; Short Story Competition; (1956-57) House Debating (Finalist, Best speech); Public Speaking (Finalist); Prefect; Poetry Competition.

Ambition: Veterinarian.

Favourite Saying: "Don't laugh. It's pathetic."

JOHN KERWAN MARTIN
(1948-1957)

Wanstall House

"We hae meat, and we can eat, and sae the Lord be thankit."

(1949-50) Form Prize (2nd); (1951-52) Cub Sixer (Red); Junior Gym Team; (1956-57) Debating (Mul); Prefect.

Ambition: Lawyer.

Favourite Saying: "Faafault."

DAVID JAMES MURFIN
(1954-1957)

Macaulay House

"Gentle in manner, vigorous in performance."

(1955-56) Dramatics; (1956-57) Under 15 Soccer; Full Prefect.

Ambition: Aeronautical Engineer.

Favourite Saying: "If it's worth doing, it's worth doing well."

PETER FRANCIS SANSOM NOBBS
(1948-1957)

Wanstall House

"I must eat my dinner."

(1948-49) Gym Crest; (1949-50) Gym Crest; Track Meet (1st 75 yards Under 8; 2nd 110 yards H'cap Under 10) (1950-51) Track Meet (2nd 110 yards H'cap Under 10); (1951-52) Cubs Secunder (Red); Track Meet (2nd 75 yards Under 10); (1952-53) Sailing Crew (Blue Nose Trophy); (1953-54) Gym Squad; Intermediate House Captain; (1954-55) Gym Squad; Track Meet (1st 100 yards 12 years); (1955-56) Dramatics; Under 13 Soccer; Gym Squad; Track Meet (1st 100 yards 13 years); (1956-57) Under 15 Soccer, Hackey; Dramatics; House Vice-Captain; Gym Squad; Full Prefect.

Ambition: Medicine.

Favourite Saying: "Some people live to eat, that's me."

PATRICK STEPHEN PHILLIPS
(1948-1957)

Macaulay House

"The wonder was that one small head could hold all he knew."

(1950-51) Form Prize (2nd); Cub Secunder; Track Meet (1st 75 yards Under 10) (1951-52) Lt. Governor's Bronze Medal; Cub Sixer; Form Prize (1st). Jr. House Vice-Captain; Sports Merit Medal; (1952-53) Cub Sixer; Form Prize (1st); (1953-54) Cub Sixer (Winning Six); Class Prize 2nd; Under 12 Soccer, Hackey; Intermediate Vice-Captain; (1954-55) Dramatics; Under 12 Soccer, Hackey; Under 13 Cricket; Boxing (Lightweight); Track Meet (1st 100 yards 11 years); (1955-56) Latin Prize; Under 13 Soccer, Hackey; Under 14 Cricket; Track Meet (1st 100 yards 12 years; 3rd Broad jump Under 13); 2nd Royal Empire Society Essay; (1956-57) Full Prefect; House Vice-Captain; 3rd Public Speaking; Under 15 Soccer, Hackey; Dramatics.

Ambition: Doctor.

Favourite Saying: "The man who can't make a mistake, can't make anything."

BRIAN HUGH SAUNDERSON

(1949-1957)

Macaulay House

"Innocence is the balm of virtue but wha says I'm innocent?"

(1949-50) Gym Crest; Form Prize (1st). (1951-52) Cubs Sixer (Blue) Gym Crest; Junior House Captain; French Prize; (1952-53) Form Prize (2nd) Gym Crest; (1953-54) Form Prize (2nd); Dramatics; Under 12 Soccer and Hackey Teams; Gym Crest; Intermediate House Captain; (1954-55) House Sport Merit Medal; Gym Squad; Under 13 Hockey; Gym Crest; (1955-56) Gym Squad; Under 15 Hockey (Colours); House Ski Meet (3rd); Swimming Meet (1st); Gym Crest; (1956-57) Saccor Team (Colours); Hockey Team (Colours, Captain); Gym Squad; Secretary-Treasurer Debating; House Debating Finalist; Chairman Public Speaking; School Ski Team; Full Prefect; Assistant Head Prefect; House Captain; Gym Shield.

Ambition: Lawyer.

Favourite Saying: "Shell out the shekels."

MICHAEL ARTHUR STANGER

(1948-1957)

Wanstall House

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

(1951-52) Winning Cub six. (1952-53) 1st. Swimming Meet; Winning Cub six (second); (1953-54) Under 13 Soccer and Hackey; Junior Gym Team; (1954-55) Winning Scout Patrol; Best all round Skier (senior); (1955-56) Skiing Second Slalom. Dramatics. (1956-57). Captain Wanstall House; Full Prefect; (Winning house) Debating Team Finalist; Magazine Photography Editor; Under 15 Saccor, Under 15 Hockey; Gym Team; Dramatics; Ski Team 1st. Slalom.

Ambition: Medicine.

Favourite Saying: "You should have heard him on the trip."

PETER RICHARD STUART TERROUX

(1948-1957)

Macaulay House

"Eccentricities of genius."

(1954-55) Magazine Staff (Class Editor); (1955-56) Dramatics; (1956-57) Dramatics; Magazine Staff (Art Editor); Prefect.

Ambition: R.C.A.F. Groundcrew.

Favourite Saying: "Details, details."

ALLAN GALE WAKEFIELD

(1950-1957)

Lucas House

I'm sleepy, "Cursed be he wha moves my bones."

(1951-52) Cub Sixer; Form Prize (2nd); (1952-53) Form Prize (2nd); Gym Squad, Crest; (1953-54) Gym Squad; Track Meet (Under 13 100 yards 1st); (1954-55) Form Prize (1st); Gym Squad; Dramatics; (1955-56) Form Prize (1st); Science Prize; Boxing (Welterweight); Under 15 Saccor; Gym Squad; (1956-57) Full Prefect; Under 15 Soccer (Colours); Public Speaking Finalist; House Captain; House Debating; Gym Squad.

Ambition: Chartered Accountant.

Favourite Saying: "Any sugar daughnuts?"

FORM IV

The year is 1980. A class reunion of the 1956-57 Form IV of Selwyn House School has been arranged by Jimmy Aikman, who succeeded Mr. Speirs as headmaster upon his retirement.

The first three members of the class to arrive are Dr. Hamilton Baxter, Dr. John Stikeman and Dr. David Thom, three prominent surgeons of the Montreal Neurological Institute. Right after them came Professor Michael Berrill, famous McGill Zoologist, and Air Commodore Robert Henwood, one of Canada's most daring test pilots.

Wilfred Boehler and Peter Schaal, two Canadians of German extraction, join the party, along with Rodney Smith. These three have all had successful engineering careers. They are followed by two men whose native land was Greece, namely Nicolas Kairis and Epaminondas Embiricas, who are both marine engineers.

Not far behind is Bill Hesler, who has recently become general manager of the Royal Bank of Canada. Hesler arrives with friend Jack Keays, who has specialized in electrical engineering. Having a friendly argument as they enter are Trygve Knudsen, Q.C., a lawyer, and the Hon. Gaetano Vicinelli, who has used his amiability and charm in the diplomatic service. Dr. John McGillis and Dr. David Stallmeyer, who have made their mark in the medical profession, are with them.

The last three arrivals are Alexander Miller, president and owner of the Miller Mills, a large pulp and paper firm; John Nickson, the chief forestry engineer for that company; and Gordon Peters, C.A., who has been working on their books.

Naturally the talk turns to their days at the old school. Henwood is in a corner telling jokes, as he always did, and he has his usual audience of McGillis, Stikeman, Thom and Vicinelli, who are still active in sports. Berrill, Schaal and Kairis are talking about Scouting, in which they were prominent years ago.

Boehler and Embiricas are again back together, which is a familiar sight to all their old classmates. Hesler, Knudsen and Stallmeyer are having a jovial time as they always used to have. Smith and Keays are deep in conversation, and Keays can be seen to be his quiet self of years gone by.

Baxter and Peters, who have grown to be six foot three inches, are chatting together. They are nearly as tall as Aikman and Nickson, who were the two tallest boys in school in their last two years, and who are talking with Miller.

Soon the evening is over. We have discussed different topics and we have decided upon two things. The first is that although Miller, Kairis and Embiricas headed the class in school, all of us have made a success of life. The second is that we certainly have been indebted to Mr. Moadey, our class master, and to all our other teachers for the wonderful foundation they have given us.

G.P.

FORM III

The present Form III is made up of twenty "pure-souled, high-minded boys", all but two of whom were there last year. The two newcomers, Barrie Brack and Ricky Herzer, have settled down well in their new surroundings.

Competition for first place is very keen. Such boys as Lee Watchorn and Timmy Stewart are always attempting to establish a substantial lead over everybody else, but they very seldom succeed—the rest of us see to that!

Of course, we have our athletic representatives, like Michael Bastian, who skates as fast as lightning, if not faster, and Timothy Gilbert, also renowned as a player of ice-hockey and other games.

Form III this year was responsible for the two school newspapers, "The Selwyn House Chronicle" and later "The Redpath Herald", started by Michael Gwinnell and Gerold Rass respectively. Robert Bruce is editor and publisher of the former paper and Keith Murfin writes the jokes for the latter.

Timothy Coristine, Bobby Dolmon, Michael Guité and Roger Thomas are all "bright sparks" of the class who help to liven up an atmosphere which would otherwise be too saturated with learning (ahem!) and give the rest of us a more enjoyable time.

Of the rest of us, Harry Bloomfield is a good Boy Scout, Stephan Paquet is able to speak at least two languages like a native, and Vincent Prager is an authority on ships. Michael Rowlings is an Elvis Presley fan, and Donald Steven, last but by no means least of these, is the Caruso of Form III.

All these boys, together with me, make up the third form. This year Mr. Davies has been our form master and we all owe him our sincerest thanks for the work he has done.

R. W.

FORM IIA

Every year about this time
There comes a job I'm
Disinclined to do —
Class notes are due.

Then starts the torment and the pain,
What to write once again
Of Form IIA.
What can I say?

Mention all their names and deeds,
And hope this doggerel meets their needs,
For this year anyway.

Whipps and Walker and Campbells two
Their work is done 'sans' fuss or tada.
Fine boys to have in any grade
When 'pras' and 'cans' are being weighed.

Ayre, MacDougall, and McNeil
Are future champions I do feel.
Whether in their studies or in their games
Their effort seldom, if ever, wanes.

Numbers of boys are in the choir
LaFontaine, Evans, Kairis, and Tyrer
And Geoffrey Fisher, with watches three,
The Chair's time does aversee.

Of Scouts we have quite a fair yield
Two of the four — Johnston and Wakefield.
Names forgotten? Well I declare
There's Hamer Grant and Paul St. Pierre.

And that's the lot — a keen group they,
These sixteen boys who are IIA.
Work and play and an occasional jest
Make them a group that's one of the best.

J.E.I.

FORM IIB

Within these hallowed portals, grim and wide,
 Behind the iron bars, secure and strang,
 Cooped up in cells, these scholars did abide,
 And study English, Latin, Maths and Song.
 Upon them, to their sorrow, were inflicted
 Their masters, ruling with an iron rule.
 And Ladies too, though gentler were afflicted
 With keeping in their pupils after school.
 Young Ballantyne sat there, serene and wise.
 To lead the class his aim; to win in sparts.
 Jon Birks to be on top did try likewise.
 As Lucas leader, craved good house reports.
 Class jester, Dodds did pass by many an hour
 With merry jests and all engaging cheer;
 And Laing from where he sat could keep his eye
 On what his classmates did throughout the year.
 Ted Manthorp came, and worked with all his books,
 And plied his studies hard throughout the day;
 While Maxwell by the window sat with looks
 Through bars at those upon the rink at play.
 Roulson un-caned, and still detain-ed never
 Spent still another year of crime concealed.
 And Rousseau gazed at all and saw whatever
 Must to masters never be revealed.
 At close of day, all rushed to reach the locker,
 Except for Stikeman, packing up his bag,
 And Usher-Jones, who starts his brow to pucker
 To finish work in which he must not lag.
 Though Vicinelli sometimes seemed confused,
 His work maintains a standard that is high.
 And Wells, an athlete strang, though scarred and bruised,
 Played games with spirit that will never die.
 And so another year has come and gone.
 The Prison doors are moving now away.
 These lads, their sentence finished move along
 To pass a happy summer holiday.

F.T.

FORM IA

A schoolmaster-birdwatcher cannot help but carry some of his interest in birdlore into the classroom. I have found myself, at times this past year, comparing the members of IA to the birds of the field. Here are the results of my reverie. See if you can identify the "birds" of IA by their "calls", "field identification marks", and "behaviour habits".

Call — "Oh, Sir! Sir!"

Field Mark — Seen once a week with two yellow "wing bars".

Behaviour — Stands with one leg placed on the seat of his "nest".

Call — "Now at the Serpentarium -----"

Field Mark — "Head feathers" usually ruffled.

Behaviour — "Wing" frequently raised to add one more "squawk" to the discussion.

Call — "I am allergic to -----."

Field Mark — A red "crown".

Behaviour — Frequently seen "gliding" after a soccer ball.

Call — "What page do we have to do?"

Field Mark — Tallest "owl" in the class.

Behaviour — Works hard for his "worms".

Call — "Yes, Sir, I'll do them twenty times for Monday."

Field Mark — Travels in each day from his Lakeshore "roost".

Behaviour — Seldom raises his "wing" when questions are "flying" about.

Call — "In Italian we say - - - - -"

Field Mark — Has the appearance of a "fledgling".

Behaviour — Quickly learning proper "bird" behaviour.

Call — "I've forgotten my pen, Sir."

Field Mark — Yellow "crown" and a happy smile.

Behaviour — Always anxious to please adult "birds".

Call — "Who called this junk?"

Field Mark — Like the "Canada Jay", bright shiny objects attract this fellow's attention.

Behaviour — Has been known to trade accumulated objects with other "birds".

Call — "I know what's coming next."

Field Mark — Unruly "crown" feathers.

Behaviour — Most anxious to get in his "Screech".

Call — "Oh, was that to be finished for prep?"

Field Mark — Usually last to leave the "perch".

Behaviour — Shows "woodpecker" behaviour on Tuesday afternoons.

Call — "Last night the students - - - - -"

Field Mark — Has the wise appearance of an "owl".

Behaviour — This "bird" is bright and cheery at all times.

Call — "Twenty out of twenty".

Field Mark — Consistently leads the "flock".

Behaviour — Often seen in vigorous "flight" after pucks and balls.

Call — "Nineteen out of twenty, shucks."

Field Mark — Usually comes second in the "flock".

Behaviour — Never stops trying to get that twentieth "worm".

Call — "I think I'll be a doctor".

Field Mark — A most engaging smile.

Behaviour — This "bird" displays a keen interest in everything and everyone.

Call — A faint whisper.

Field Mark — A black "crown".

Behaviour — Head usually turned to one side or the other to whisper to a nearby "bird".

Call — "I forgot my book at home, Sir."

Field Mark — Usually seen carrying building materials in his "claws".

Behaviour — Often appears to be "hatching" something.

Call — "Who comes in next?"

Field Mark — A bright shining "beak".

Behaviour — Surprised himself by learning to "fly" over the ice this winter.

Call — "Sir."

Field Marks — Frequents water haunts in summer.

Behaviour — Enjoys "skimming" over water.

Call — "I forgot my book at school."

Field Marks — Dark "crowned" and bright "eyed".

Behaviour — One of the more silent members of the "flock".

What was your score?

J.D.H.

FORM IB

The opening day of school in September is always a very active and exciting day in the life of a school boy; new acquaintances to be made, old friendships renewed, questions to be asked and answered, new apprehensions to be felt, a twinge of regret over the holidays just past and not used to the fullest extent.

Three boys in Form IB were more aware of the apprehensions and regret than the remaining twelve boys who assembled in the Form IB classroom. John Galt, David Malone, and Graeme Tennant were attending Selwyn House for the first time. The doubts they may have had no longer exist, each has found his place in the class and the school.

Graeme battles with Raymond Douse, Ross Brydon, Philip Webster, David McNeil, and Christopher Hoffmann for the top positions in the class standings. John, like Allan Zinman, Tony Stikemon, and Ian Taylor makes his presence known as a member of his house hockey team. David, a Sixer in the Cub Pack, has enjoyed the company of Bruce Fowler, Lawrence Gainsbury, Lawrence Hibbert, and Peter Stein. He and Allan Zinman have "Gone Up" to the Scout Troop, where they are active members of their respective patrols.

Each boy in the class of fifteen has added to the character of the class. It is a light-hearted group with humour supplied at various times by one and all, aware (sometimes only barely) of the purpose of Selwyn House, which has become their purpose, to seek and find "Veritas".

J.D.C.

FORM A

All morning sunshine streams through the windows of Form A, is absorbed by twenty-four boys, and is radiated with redoubled warmth from the four-and-twenty bright young faces. The rays of knowledge sent to penetrate the several minds, make, perhaps, as much impact as the sun, for, cheerful smiles of nine o'clock fade into furrows of thought; clacking tongues are stilled to whispers, and the atmosphere becomes a pool of concentration. Lessons follow one another in orderly fashion and, as each week wears away, each boy gets nearer to his goal of qualifying for the Senior School.

This year competition for the top place in class is very keen. From week to week we cannot guess whether Andrew Vodstrcil will beat John Esdaile, or both be beaten by Kip Cobbett, Andrew Campbell or David Laing. Sometimes Robert Diez surprises us and gets very close. The runners-up are always generous in their congratulations to the winner, but — resolve to beat him next time!

Every Thursday Cub uniforms are worn, and shoes are rubbed surreptitiously on stockings to make certain that Akela will find no fault in general appearance. The Sixers of the Pack look their teams over and turn a jaundiced eye on any member who is not complete in every detail. An elastic band is not considered a good substitute for a Turk's Head, though rather more elaborate types with beads or horns are quite in order — even giving prestige to the wearer — and no wonder! Sixers of the Pack are Andrew Vodstrcil, Kip Cobbett, Andrew Campbell, Jimmie Sedgewick and Jon Scott, and very competent leaders they are proving themselves to be.

The Form boasts of some excellent singing voices, and the choir which performed so creditably for the Christmas Concert consisted of Patrick Doheny, Duncan Forbes, John Esdaile, Robert Diez, David McMaster, Brian Shemilt, John Sanford, Aylesworth Macnaughton, Stephen Grosvenor, Andrew Campbell, Murray Leiter, John Caird and Peter Fialkowski. The six valiant little soloists who touched our hearts were John Angus, Bobbie Bloomberg, Michael Boulton, Ronnie Graham, Jimmie Sedgewick and Billy Eaton. They all looked like angels, but we well know that those seraphic smiles hide very mischievous boys. And, who would have it otherwise?

There are cases of magnetic attraction in the class and when we think of David and Jonathan, we also couple together John Angus and Peter Fialkowski, Robert Diez and Stephen Grosvenor, Brian Shemilt and Aylesworth Macnaughton. Even outside these close companionships a sense of friendliness pervades the Form. We all rejoiced when Ronnie

Graham's baby brather arrived. When John Sanford's father sets off on his travels we are all agog to hear of the wonderful places he will visit; and, if little sister, Jennifer, scribbles on homework books, there is definite sympathy from others unfortunate enough to have sisters. (I hate girls, don't you?)

We all enjoy John Caird's impish humour and his vivid imagination, as well as Murray Leiter's matter-of-fact observations. For one so young, his common-sense is quite surprising.

Michael Boulton was welcomed last September and it did not take long to appreciate his original personality. He brightens up our dullest moment, and we are the richer for his apt remarks.

We shall miss Neil Bell when he leaves us for a stay in Costa Rica, and our best wishes for an interesting and successful year go with him.

C.L.M.

FORM B

Our class can be found easily—we are to the right on entering the front door. Just peep inside during a lesson, and you will notice a number of busy boys. Some are working quietly and steadily. A few can't resist stealthily admiring the "treasures" they store in their pockets every morning, and they have to be reminded that it is time for work, and play comes later. In Winter there is always hockey to look forward to, and in Spring and Fall there is football. The extent of the fun and excitement can be gauged by the number of band-aids decorating knees, hands and foreheads, not to mention a little dirt here and there!

Cub meetings are very popular. Every Thursday morning, Peter McLeod, Richard Dobell, Barrie Birks, Jamie Morgan, Tommy Bourne, Ian Robson, John MacPhail, Peter McConnell, Royden McConnell, Peter Porteous, Victor Vickers, Allan Case and Jimmy Coristine arrive resplendent in their Cub uniforms. David Chenoweth, although a tall boy, was too young and will have to wait next year to join the School Pack.

During the winter season, future skiing champions practise assiduously every week—Jamie Morgan, Peter McLeod, Peter McConnell, Royden McConnell, John MacPhail, Blair Russel, Ernest Pitt and Philip Thom.

Quite a number of us are really interested in manual training. Once a week Richard Dobell, Ian Robson, Jamie Morgan, Ernest Pitt, Phillippe Feifer, Peter McConnell, Royden McConnell, Peter Porteous, Jimmy Coristine, Allan Case and Bruce McMartin are busy sawing, hammering and painting, creating all kinds of useful things.

If you are spellbound by the sweet voices of the Junior Choir, we must remind you that our boys contribute a great deal to it. Tommy Bourne, Paddy Carrigan, Jimmy Coristine, Richard Dobell, Phillippe Feifer, Peter McConnell, Royden McConnell, Bobby Monteith, Jamie Morgan, Peter Porteous, Ian Robson and Victor Vickers are all important members of it.

Roddy Bell, who, with his brother and the rest of his family, will be spending the next year in Costa Rica, can be sure of a hearty welcome when he returns to Selwyn House.

We missed Paddy Carrigan during the Easter Term while he was in hospital. We are very glad that he is better.

A.G.

FORM C

This year the new wing's graced by C.
 And we're as happy as can be
 Considering we have to work.
 There's always "trouble" if we shirk,
 A "break" to miss or something worse!
 In spite of this we have great fun,
 And feel quite good when we have done

Some work which earns a star perhaps!
 If only we could fill the gaps
 Between, we would be brilliant!

The term that has the longest days
 Ends up with Christmas and the plays.
 Easter, we show what we can do
 In gym display and hockey too.
 Our performance is outstanding!

With Summer comes the bitter cost
 Of making up the time we've lost.
 If only we had listened more
 Without an eye on watch and door
 Our marks would be so different!

There are Sise, Katz and Ostiguy,
 Dickman, Joseph and Caird iii,
 Le Moyne and Fawcett and Wilson,
 Shaw, Gainsbury ii and Stephenson,
 Tratt, Selye i and Phillips ii.

Kingston, Moseley and Molson P.
 Colby, Esdaile ii, Martin iii,
 Oliver, Peel and Vickers ii,
 Molson M. and Grasvenor ii,
 And often there is D.M.T.

D.M.T.

FORM DI

DI this year is made up of twenty happy congenial boys: Amundsen, Carrigan II, Carsley, Capping, Culver, Cusack, Daniels, Davies, Dabell II, Drummond, Dufaur, Eaton II, Fisher, Fitzpatrick, Fuller, Galt, Graham II, Gwinnell II, Hoffmann II, Van Rantwyk. Did I say happy? Well, they are fairly happy. After six months' exposure to educational processes they seem to have acquired very definite likes and dislikes for certain subjects.

Some ten boys like Writing best because they think it's easy. Five say it tires their hand, and they cannot write well, so they don't enjoy it.

Scripture they like, although one boy thinks the tests are sometimes too hard. The stories in Geography and History are enjoyed by all, and Singing lessons are pleasant interludes.

Gym work is popular with all but two — one finds it so hard that he cannot do it, and the other doesn't like it because he has to go round the Gymnasium in short white pants. The boys think French is fun. One boy is very anxious to learn more of it as he wants to talk to his mother in French. Reading they concede has its merits. Quite a number want to learn quickly in order to read Library books and their own books. Others want to read newspapers. One boy doesn't like reading because the pages are too long. Another says he gets so tired hearing others read that he almost falls asleep.

Arithmetic is accepted by most as something necessary to know. One boy spoke for most when he said "You have to learn Arithmetic, or you won't be able to figure when you grow up". Some boys like all subjects, and then there's the lad who claims he likes none of them and only comes to school because he has to. So he says, but I notice that he misses none of the fun and he works like a beaver.

All in all, they are a fine group of boys, and to teach them is a pleasure.

H.D.L.

FORM D2

When they started school for the first time in September 1956, the members of D2 entered upon a new phase of their young lives.

Very different are they now in their self-assured ways from the young things of that time, trying to hide their timidity under various guises. From the one who refused to enter the class-room that first morning, but who has been most co-operative ever since, to the one who looked to his form teacher for protection when facing each new experience, but could now enter the lion's den without a backward glance, each has gone through a great change.

Very different, too, are they in their knowledge of the school facts of life. In September, for example, when they were told of Mr. Speirs' preference for certain modes of behaviour, one of them enquired, "Who is Mr. Speirs, anyway?"

The change in attitude was illustrated recently when the phonetic sound of "it" was mentioned. It was pointed out that "t" always makes the same rude and sneering sound whomever "he" encounters. To this, one of the small boys remarked, "He'd never get away with that with Mr. Speirs!"

Although afflicted at times with the rowdy high spirits of the young male, they have been a most pleasant and co-operative group, with, thank Heaven, no Problem Child among them.

Individual tendencies have, of course, been noticeable. Two doctors' sons have decided to follow in their fathers' footsteps. A diagnostic ability, doubtless inherited, is already apparent in one of them, who cheerfully assured his teacher that she would be dead before the other would be ready to undertake her medical care.

Another young man is headed for a career as an Inspector, being able to see at a glance all the errors made by his adjacent classmates.

Still another is enjoying the distinction of having a Mother-Daughter skiing team in his family.

Thus each lives in his own little world, but, outside this orbit, is happy in the comradeship of school life.

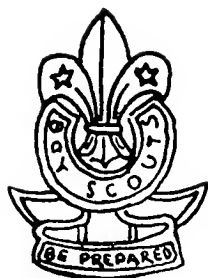
These boys of Form D2 are: —

John Kent
Robert Kerlin
John Macaulay
Laurence Macnoughton
John Martin
Jemie McDougall
David Mills
Derek Morton
Clive Munra

Carrall Odell
William Polmer
Barry Pitt
Mark Rowlings
David Sanford
Jean Selye
Martin Smith
Mark Stethem
John Totlaw

E.F.





Scouts and Cubs

The troop has made very good progress this year. In the Fall a reorganization of the patrols took place due to the graduation of the senior scouts of last year. Three patrols were formed: The Cougar, P.L. Michael Berrill; Bulldog, P.L. Maxi Ferro; Eagle, P.L. Peter School.

The Troop and Pack spent a day at the Morgan Arboretum, Macdonald College, in the early Fall. A Treasure Hunt preceded lunch of sandwiches and hot soup for the Cubs and a three course meal was cooked by the Scouts. Mr. Howes guided the Pack and Troop through the Arboretum, pointing out many of the fifty-five species of trees found there. The scouts collected many leaf specimens for their Naturalist Badge collections.

In the late Fall the Troop spent another day at the Arboretum passing various camping tests.

The Scout and Cub Assembly was held in the Library to commemorate the One Hundredth Anniversary of B-P's birth, and the Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the Scout Movement. District Commissioner Malone, of the North-East District, and father of one of our boys, gave a short address on the life of B-P.

The scripture lesson was read by P. L. Maximilian Ferro. The colour party consisted of Scout Kairis and Cub Rolston. District Commissioner Malone was thanked by P. L. Michael Berrill.

In the District competition Selwyn House is again leading the other troops of the District. The boys have made a very fine showing.

The Spring outing consisted of a trip to Fort Lennox. The trip provided opportunity for the passing of many outdoor tests for Scouts and Cubs.

SCOUT TROOP

Bulldog Patrol

Ferro M. P.L.
Ross G. Sec.
Stikeman R.
Wakefield C.
Zinmon A.
Foster R.

Cougar Patrol

Berrill M. P.L.
Koiris N. Sec.
Embiricos P.
MacDougall G.
Johnston R.
LeMoine J.

Eagle Patrol

School P. P.L.
Walker R. Sec.
Malone D.
Maxwell G.
Campbell M.
Golt J.
Bruce R.

SENIOR CUB PACK

Brown Six

Webster P. Sixer
Coird J. Sec.
Stein P.
McMortin D.
Hording J.

Green Six

Taylor I. Sixer
Hébert G. Sec.
Fowler B.
McNoughton A.
Randoccio A.

Yellow Six

Ralston I. Sixer
McNeil G. Sec.
Gainsbury L.
Brydon R.
Bassadone M.

JUNIOR CUB PACK

The Junior Cub Pack has had a very eventful and worthwhile year. A hike to the Morgan Arboretum, Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue, proved most interesting. It was especially exciting for members of the Junior Pack, for this was the first time the group accompanied the Senior Pack and the Troop on an outing.

The Tenderpads who entered the Pack worked hard this year and by the end of October all of September's recruits had been invested as full-fledged Wolf Cubs. Andrew Vadstrcil earned his Second Star this year. This reward is rarely won by a member of the Junior Pack, so Andrew is to be congratulated most highly.

Miss L. Poltrick, of Provincial Boy Scout Headquarters, has given the Pack a great deal of assistance in training the Cubs for their First Star tests. We are very grateful for her help.

A birthday party for Lord Baden-Powell Centenary, and the 50th Anniversary of the founding of the Scout Movement, was held on February 21st. The party was complete with games, prizes, and food, including a birthday cake baked for the occasion by Mrs. Howes.

During this centennial year of B.P.'s birth it is fitting to remember these words that he left us:

"I believe that God put us into this jolly world to be happy and enjoy life. Happiness doesn't come from being rich, nor merely from being successful in your career, nor by self-indulgence. One step towards happiness is to make yourself healthy and strong while you are a boy, so that you can be useful and so can enjoy life when you are a man".

Good hunting, Cubs!

J.D.H.

Red Six

A. Vodstrcil, Sixer
M. Boulton, Second
B. Birks
A. Case
J. MacPhail
P. McConnell
T. Bourne
I. Robson

Gold Six

K. Cobbett, Sixer
D. McMaster, Second
P. McLeod
D. Farbes
R. Dobell
P. Porteous
R. McConnell

Green Six

A. Campbell
N. Bell
A. MacNaughton
S. Grasvenar
J. Sanford
B. Shemilt

Brown Six

J. Sedgewick, Sixer
P. Doheny, Second
J. Esdaile
J. Caird
R. Diez
M. Leiter
J. Coristine

Blue Six

J. Scatt, Sixer
D. Laing, Second
V. Vickers
J. Morgan
R. Bloomberg
P. Fialkowski
J. Angus

SCOUTS AND CUBS



GYMNASTIC DISPLAY

The two performances of the annual gymnastic display were held on Tuesday, March 27, 1957.

At the afternoon performance Mrs. Stuart Cabbett, a member of the Board of Governors, very graciously presented Gym Crests to the following Junior School boys:—

Brian Cusack, Robin Davies	(D1)
John Martin, Carroll Odell	(D2)
Mark Malson, Thomas Sise	(C)
Patrick Doheny	(A)
Richard Dabell	(B)

At the evening performance our Guest of Honour was Mr. Francis J. Nobbs, an Old Boy of the School. Mr. Nobbs presented crests to the following Senior School Winners:—

Michael Shaughnessy	IA
Graeme Tennant	IB
Billy Ballantyne	IIB
Gordon MacDugall	IIA
Michael Bastian	III
Alec Miller	IV
Brian Saunderson	V

The de Walfe Mackay Shield for the most outstanding athlete of the school year was presented to Brian Saunderson.

Three cheers were proposed by the latter for Mr. Coake, our Gym Master, who organized the display. Donald Steven played an able accompanist, and the record player was looked after by Ralph Walker.

The programme was as follows:—

Timber Tappers (bench work)	Farm C
Musical Merriment (singing game)	Farms D1 & D2
Good Turns (mat work)	Farm B
Uncertainty (balance)	Farm IV
A Visit to the Zoo (stunts and animals)	Farms IA & IB
In Days of Old (game)	Farm A
Whither Away? (marching)	Farm III
Jumba Jumping (low box horse)	Farms IIA & IIB
Rising Stars (high box horse)	The Gym. Squad
High Adventure (trampoline and parallel bars)	The Gym Squad
Silver Fantasy (tableau)	Farm V

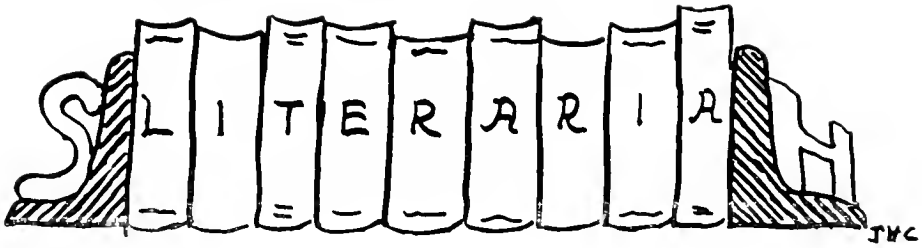
Presentation of Crests

GYM SQUAD, 1957



FORMS C AND D





MAGAZINE COMPETITIONS

In the Essay section Maxi Ferro placed first, with Pandy Embiricos and Patrick Phillips commended.

In the Short Story class the prize was won by Michael Berrill, honouable mention being awarded to Brion Sounderson, Christopher Hyde, Wilfred Boehler, Bill Hesler, Jack Keays and Michael Guité.

The Poetry prize was won by Nicholas Kairis. Runners—up were Ralph Walker, Richard Herzer and Todd La Fontaine.

WHY I LIKE LIFE OUT IN THE OPEN

Of all the beauties and charms of this mother earth, truly the wonders of nature are the foremost. No stone marvel, sumptuous palace, or masterpiece of art, can fully compare with the beauty of a green forest, thick with stately pine trees, mirrored in the limpid cool water of a secluded lake. No costly modern lighting effect or fireworks display can match the calm and peace, colouring and wonder of a sunset in the wilds; or the breathtaking and awe-inspiring show of nature's might during an electric storm. It is truly sad that fewer and fewer people every year seem to appreciate the full beauty of these scenes. Perhaps it's because they have never witnessed them, or perhaps because having been brought up by city-minded parents, whose only concept of a summer holiday is a visit to a crowded seaside resort or a trip to a great city like New York, they haven't learned to stay away from densely populated communities without being lonely or even bored.

I remember, and indeed I have no memories more pleasant, the summers I spent in the Alps, away from worries and school, carefree and gay, taking long walks in the invigorating mountain air. I remember, too, the echoes of the cowbells and the mountain songs of the climbers drifting from valley to valley, growing ever fainter until they could be heard no more. Nor could I ever forget the mighty rumble of the Lys, (lily), white with foam, as it cascaded down, madly rushing towards its rendez-vous with the Dora from which the Po is born. Also the fields, decorated by innumerable multitudes of doisies, daffodils, and carnations, bluebells and sun flowers; sharply contrasting with the blank walls and snowcapped peaks of Mt. Rosa, rising on three sides, a seemingly impenetrable barrier beyond which lay Zermott and Switzerland, nature's own country.

But one need not go as far as Europe to find all this beauty and serenity, Canada is every bit as romantic, if not more so. It is an eternal source of amazement to me that Canada has not been able to develop her own resources, as other countries have done. The beauty of our own Rocky Mountains can be said to surpass that of the Alps, as their immense forest and varied wildlife renders them superior both in flora and fauna. Tourist

Bureaus are flooded with Swiss leaflets and photograph booklets of the Alps, but spots like Bonff (to name the most famous) are all but unknown to the Canadian public, more so elsewhere. I have seen many movies of hunting in Alaska and the Territories, up in the forested uplands dotted by picturesque lakes, and inhabited only by moose and deer, beavers and squirrels, and countless other species of North American wildlife. Also of the dark woods of upper Quebec, crossed by innumerable silvery streams where trout and bass swim gaily, free from the fisherman, and where every shadow brings back memories of the days when the Hurons used to stalk noiselessly through the woods, carrying their frail birch-bark canoes. I hope one day to own a hydraplane, so as to be able to explore more fully these remote spots of our great country.

As I sit here writing, I can clearly see in my mind's eye our country home at Rivodaro, near Turin. I can see the vineyards and archards, and the familiar clump of chestnut trees, beneath which I spent the happiest hours of my early youth. I remember the fields, and the smell of freshly cut hay drying in the warm sun; and, best of all, the clear ice-cold water trickling down from the racks into our spring, arriving as if from nowhere. Life in the country is a wonderful life: healthy and full of the joy of living. I'll never forget the sight of the scattered, white-washed houses, and the old stone bridge, as I looked down the hill upon the village below; or, for that matter, the aroma of freshly baked bread as it comes out of the oven, the only real cure for an honest appetite. The rooster announcing the break of day, the morning song of the birds, the taste of fresh strawberries and ripe figs, all these things will remain with me until my dying day, happy memories of life in the open air.

Cores just don't belong in the places I've described, especially for a young boy of eight in his summer holidays. Even a businessman tends to forget his trials and tribulations if his mind is left to think in the quiet of nature's realm. That is why there is no better way to relax than a country holiday. There is no greater pleasure for a simple man than basking in the noon-day sun, and no greater pleasure for an educated man than lying in the cool shadow of a tree, reading a Hemingway or perhaps a famous biography. So the country is suited for all kinds of people, even for the lively character who prefers to square-dance with the local girls. For these reasons and many more, I firmly believe that there is no pleasanter life than that in the open air, mankind's closest approach to paradise.

M. Ferro (Farm V)

A Day At The Races

Bare feet beat the wooden deck boards, sails flapped in the strong maestros as the jibs were let loose to port, hauled in to starboard, and we came about sailing on the port tack. Saturday, July 1956, 6:26 p.m., in four minutes the first warning balloon would be hoisted on the mast of the Royal Greek Yacht Club at Phaleron Bay. Precisely one minute later at sight of the second balloon, the race would be on. The rival crews of twelve big yachts were busy sailing around the two buoys marking the starting line, calculating with all possible precision their tackings and wearings so as to be exactly between the two buoys when the second balloon rose, for to be ahead of the starting line would mean having to turn back and begin again; a useless loss of time. Great skill was needed to gain this position at the exact moment.

Our yawl, a sturdy 34 tons T. M. sailing yacht, carrying a great deal of canvas, hauled close especially well in strong winds and even in rough head seas. We had no hope of winning in a light breeze and so blessed the luck that sent our way a strong maestro from the north west. Our most dangerous rival was a proper racing cutter sure to win unless she met with heavy seas. Our yawl and this cutter definitely had the best skippers, as we were both past the two buoys at the second balloon, in great danger of collision most skillfully avoided. This advantage we held through the race.

We left Phaleron Bay in a freshening wind. Our skipper kept close to the wind, out of his course towards the Island of Salamis, while the cutter was headed for the western tip

of the Island of Aegina, which the yachts had to reach before changing course for Flevos Island. We had to race in all about 120 miles in the Gulf of Soronikos and pass by certain set points such as capes and islands. Each yacht had a member of the Racing Committee on board. I was puzzled and worried to see that our skipper should leave his course, allowing the cutter to gain a great lead over us, but he knew his job. On reaching the coast of Salamis, strong gusts of wind from the hills suddenly hit and tilted our yawl to port so that we cut through the dark blue waters at a tremendous speed, shooting up tall pillars of spray from the bow and leaving a long wake of bubbling white foam to stern. Three boards of the deck were already in the water and our skipper turned the bows onto our destination, easing the yawl and paying out the mainsail. We also hoisted the fouska, a very big jib like a balloon. We then sailed at the surprising speed of thirteen knots, catching up and overtaking our opponent, the cutter. The cutter now also hoisted her fouska but, by our skipper's clever maneuver in bringing her first into the strong winds of the coast of Salamis and then turning before the wind, our soils worked much better than the cutter's. It was really a race between us two as the others were left for astern. The crew were joking and joyful at our good start, while I, at the danger of my life, was jumping with glee.

The wind grew stronger and stronger and the sight of the many full white sails and the straining rigging made me shiver. Naturally, we passed between the straits of Aegina and a small island, before the cutter, coming about towards Flevos Island. The cutter now kept up a good steady pace behind us, as we were out of the gusts, and I think we had about the same speed. This rather worried us, so we let out and pulled in the sails to find their best position.

We were now far from land and the sea was rough. After about one hour, we arrived at the straits between Flevos and the mainland. Here, the wind fell, and to our despair the cutter began going on us. We came out of the straits neck to neck, the two crews working feverishly, taking advantage of any change in the direction of the wind. We were all straining in the effort. Night had fallen, so the red and green lights were lit. We were again out at sea and as the wind grew in strength we started to go on our opponent. It was quite hard to tell his position as every now and then his red light was lost from view on our starboard side.

When we reached Patroclos Island, the wind had strengthened to almost gale force. The fouska had been replaced by a small jib and our skipper decided to bring down our topsail and take a reef in the mainsail. Unfortunately, the topsail was jammed, which event, by such a wind and in the prevailing darkness, was more than unpleasant. We eased the yawl once or twice in the hope that the topsail would come down, but were unsuccessful. A man was sent up the mast to try and untangle it, but the tension of the ropes was such that he was unable to do anything. We heaved about to ease this tension, but the wind was so strong that this did not help either. The mainsail could not be brought down to be reefed as the topsail was attached onto the goff, and so we had either to continue with all sails up or stop the ship dead by close hauling into the wind. Our skipper made the sign of the Cross and turned before the wind to his new destination, the Island of St. George, under full sail. This part of the race will remain forever engroved in my mind. The night was pitch-black, the sky was starless and the waters were angry. The wind was howling in the shrouds, the blocks were creaking and the sea foamed madly around us because of our great speed. Naturally, nobody slept, nor even felt the slightest bit sleepy; but cigarettes and black coffee were consumed in abundance. The cutter could no longer be distinguished in the dark, as she had fallen far astern. All we could see was the flash of the St. George's Island lighthouse, which we reached after midnight under great strain to yawl, rigging, mast and crew.

As the wind abated, we were able to bring down our topsail and take a reef in our mainsail. We had been obliged to steer by tackle attached to the tiller as it was too hard to hold by hand. Now the wind was strong but with no gusts, and so the yawl sailed

LUCAS HOUSE



MACAULAY HOUSE



normally. From the Island of Patrolos to St. George's we sailed before the wind, which needed great caution and skill. The Island of Pilafi has no lighthouse, so from St. George's we used our compass and were very glad for, we reached it in a straight course at night. We then sailed around it, tacked to pass the straits between Pilafi and Paros Island and began running to the wind against heavy seas.

The yawl was being tossed up and down but it advanced satisfactorily. The wind was on our port bow. Our yacht was nicknamed by the sailors, "Good Horse", as she sailed very well into headwinds and rough seas. We had by now sailed 90 miles and were ahead of all the other yachts with a very favourable, for us, sea and wind, confident in our victory and very cheerful. We decided to loosen the reefs and hoist again the topsail. Now we were heading back towards Phaleron Bay, our objective and the end of the race. At 3:30 a.m., we had reached a point 10 miles from the finish line. Every head wave lifted our bow far up and every time this happened, the jib boom was also lifted up, deadening the jib and loosening the jib stay. With the heavy fall of the bow into the trough, the opposite would happen, the jib would blow out with a terrific bang and the jib stay would stretch, straining greatly the mast and rigging.

Suddenly, out of the dark night, an unusually large wave hurled us even higher so that when our bow hit the hollow of the wave with a resounding crash, the straining of the jib and jibstay was such that the rigging of the main mast gave way and with a fearful crack the mast broke and came crashing down and into the sea on the starboard side, dragging sails, booms, gaffs, shrouds, ropes, blocks and all the paraphernalia along with it. This misfortune happened with terrific speed. When I heard the crash, I looked up to the mast and saw nothing but empty darkness. As the mast fell on the starboard side and we were at the rear port side, miraculously, nobody was hurt.

We spent the remainder of the night in an effort to save some of our rigging and sails. Next morning we were picked up by a steamship, a very exhausted, disheartened and dirty-looking crew.

So, in disaster, ended for us this most exciting race.

E. Embiricos (Form IV)

AN UNUSUAL PARTY

This is the story, of how, on 29th May, 1953 two men reached the top of Everest, the height of which is 29,002 feet, or nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Edmund Hillary was knighted by Queen Elizabeth II for his courageous act in conquering the highest mountain in the world. Since 1921 many attempts have been made from the north, through Tibet. These are the things which make Everest so hard to climb:—its height, the weather, and the actual climbing difficulties. The amount of oxygen that can be carried is comparatively small; and, of course, the weight of the equipment itself is a strain on the climber's strength. As well as the oxygen equipment, the climbers and their porters—the Sherpas—have to carry up tents, sleeping bags, food, fuel, cooking equipment and climbing gear.

We left Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal, on March 10th, from where we would travel eastward through the lovely land of Nepal with the snow-capped mountains and foaming rivers. The party consisted of twenty Sherpas and thirteen climbers, with John Hunt and Edmund Hillary at the head. After climbing steadily for five days, we came to a pass at about 8,000 feet, and later on, at another ridge, we sighted Everest, distant but unmistakable in the north-east. On March 25th we reached Namche Bazar, the chief village of Khumbu, and a day later arrived at Thyangloche, one of the most beautiful places in the world. The height is well over 12,000 feet and we were surrounded by satellite dwellings, dark firs and birch trees and, towering above all, Mount Everest. This was to be our base camp from which we would train for three weeks to prepare ourselves for the ascent and get used to the new equipment and oxygen masks.

On April 6th, Hillary's party left the base camp and passed Lake Camp and later arrived close under the Lha La pass, where an avalanche of snow had crushed the Swiss Camp I. The site was not an ideal one, but it had the important advantage of being close to the foot of the great icefall. Camp I was established on April 12th. The icefall reconnaissance party was ready to set about its important task. Squeezed between Everest and Nuptse, the icefall resembles a gigantic cascade. From here for the first four days Hillary's party was engaged in a struggle of hacking away masses of ice and cutting staircases of steps safe for the laden Sherpas. Eventually on April 16th two tents were set up at the 19,400 foot mark. This marked the first important step in our process up the mountain; Camp II was established.

By May 2nd we had moved about ninety loads, each weighing an average of 40 lbs. to Camp III, by ladders, ropes, and the path made by Hillary's advance party. On May 1st a few of the party went up the Cum to establish Camp IV on our way to the Lhotse Face. From here we were provided with a perfect viewpoint for an examination of the Lhotse Face. Sited in a sheltered hollow, close beneath the immense cliffs falling from the summit of Everest, the camp was within a mile of the previous one. We continued upwards on May 2nd, still using oxygen, as we were approximately 22,000 feet above sea level. After leaving the Swiss Camp V we climbed the first steep rise above the foot of the Lhotse Face. It might have been no more than 600 feet above Swiss Camp V, for we had averaged, even at this moderate altitude, less than 500 feet an hour. From here, most of the party returned to the Base Camp before dusk, leaving Ward and Bourdillon to establish Camp VI. On climbing up the Lhotse Face, Bourdillon discovered that he was getting only just over one litre of oxygen a minute instead of four. However, they found four charged oxygen bottles in good condition at Swiss Camp VI. Thus he escaped almost certain death and returned to the Camp Base on May 5th.

The next two weeks Hillary and Tenzing began their tireless climb from the 27,900 foot mark at -45°F. At last they arrived at the Final Crest. At first glance it was certainly impressive and even frightening. They continued with their ice-axes making footholds on the treacherous summit. Their original zest had now quite gone, and it was turning into a grim struggle. At exactly 11:30 A.M. they reached the top. Their first task was to raise the flags of Britain, Nepal, United Nations and India. They had conquered Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world!

P. Phillips (Farm V)

THE ADVENTURES OF OG

Og, sleeping in the small family cave, woke early one crisp morning. He crawled out from under the leopard skin, which his father had given him the year before, and saw that the fire at the mouth of the cave had been reduced to smouldering embers. He hurriedly refueled it, for it served as warmth as well as protection against night-prowling animals. Soon the flames were leaping high, and after a reassuring glance for animals that might be nearby, he set forth.

For the next few days he was to be responsible for procuring food for the rest of the family. His father had gone on a hunt with other hunters and Og, Son of Og, Son of Fire, headed toward the forest. He had a knife and hand axe as weapons. He went directly to a pit, partially covered over with leaves and sticks, used as a trap for buffalo, but unfortunately it was empty. Og turned to see a squirrel watching him, and soon it was skinned, after being hit squarely by a small stone.

Og tied the clean skin around his neck with a nearby vine and, since he was hungry, he decided to build a fire in which to cook the meat of the squirrel. He held a piece of soft wood between his knees, a small pile of dry leaves beside him. He then began to rub a hardwood pointed stick in the soft wood until dust formed, smoke arose and a spark flew. While breathing gently on it, he applied the leaves until it burst into flame. Soon

he was cooking his squirrel on a stick over a small fire and, after he finished, with a full stomach, he went over to a river not far away. Once there, he lay down and scooped water up in his cupped hands and drank.

Og had been here before with his father, but had never crossed the river, and he looked longingly toward the beckoning forest on the far shore. He decided to make a raft like the one his father had once made. He collected a number of logs and lay them side by side in the shallow water. He saw several long vines near the top of a stout tree, which he climbed, and cut the vines with his sharp knife. Returning to the logs he wove the vines in and out of them, finally weaving the loose ends back. He then cut a pushing pole and shoved off.

The raft floated smoothly, and after tying it to a branch on the opposite bank, Og set off into the forest to hunt. The sun was at its highest point and not far off he heard a little rustling. He sneaked up to find a wolf just finishing a meal of chipmunk. After throwing his hand axe and hitting it squarely, he leapt with knife in hand and broke the animal's spine. He had made his long sharp knife, which was his prize possession, by flaking chips off a long piece of flint with a hammer stone until he had a thin sharp blade. He was just about to sling the wolf over his shoulders when a jackal suddenly appeared. Jackals usually hunted at night unless they were very hungry, and this one was. Og again threw his hand axe, hitting it on the shoulder, and followed it up with stones until it slunk away. After that he continued on his hunt for the rest of the afternoon.

The sun had just dropped below the horizon when Og appeared at the mouth of the priest's cave to proudly display his wolf and four squirrels. After receiving congratulations, Og asked if he might have a sign promising good hunting for the morrow. The priest took him to the back of the cave where he painted a buffalo on the wall with red paint. He drew an arrow piercing its heart and so Og left the cave much relieved. He returned to his own family cave where he gave the animals to his mother and sisters to skin. After eating some hot squirrel meat, he pulled the leopard skin over him and fell asleep, very tired, but very pleased with his day's work.

M. Berrill (Form IV)

DIVING STATIONS

A coaster is steaming through Malacca Straits with food for a Japanese garrison, shells for Japanese guns, clothes and comforts for Japanese soldiers, and it's going nowhere except to the bottom. From forty feet the submarine H.M.S. Seabound comes up like a cork, a racket that hits the surface in an explosion of flying spray, and wallows with the water streaming off her flanks. The hatches were open when they were level with the water, and the first thing the coaster knows of it is a shell that smacks in below the bridge: if they had a chance of living, that would teach them to keep a better look-out. The shell kills the helmsman, smashes the steering-gear, and the coaster begins to swing off her course.

It makes a difference that she swings, because it throws the deflection out, and the next round misses, while the coaster opens up with a light weapon mounted on the after end of her bridge. The water is perforated down the submarine's starboard side, and something clangs off the aftercasing to scream away astern. Shift target to stop the danger, and when the fourth round goes home, the back of the coaster's bridge is shattered in an orange glow of flame. It was more than well placed, it was a lucky one and hit an ammunition locker. The submarine's gun is used as a surgeon's knife. It shifts to a new point of aim, the water-line, to let some water in.

The coaster's bridge is well on fire, and the blaze spreads aft where one of the crew has just taken a spectacular and unskilful dive over the side. Later there may be time to pick him up, but now it's only business. Shells are ripping in, and some of them are getting right inside the coaster's belly before they burst.

The coaster is settling lower in the water, and as the captain blows his whistle in short blasts to tell the gun's crew to cease fire, her bow sweeps up and her stern goes down, the sea hissing as it drowns the flames and swallows the ship. Eleven minutes from the time the Gunlayer first pressed his trigger, the submarine is alone on the surface, with a haze of smoke and some rubbish floating where the ripples spread, spreading till they lap the steaming mud-banks where the fisherman's stakes stand stiff like sentries that have witnessed an execution.

The gun's crew are busy clearing the platform of empty shell-cases, kicking the hot cylinders over the side, then training the gun fore and aft and jamming on the clamp. Shells came up from below to refill the water-tight ready-use lockers, the Gunlayer and Trainer unship their telescopes, and the five men drop down through the hatch, which clangs shut as the submarine head back to pick up the one Jap survivor. He's clinging to a plank which he must have thrown over before he dived. Two sailors drag him up over the saddle-tanks, and he's so dazed that he tries to bring his piece of timber aboard with him. He's a lucky man, because everyone knows that the Japanese have no healthy interest in British survivors, and he might not be welcomed as a guest, were it not that the Intelligence people will like to have a little chat with him. Moreover, he ought to be ashamed of himself, because he mentions that he was captain of the ship. The best captains stay in their ships at least as long as the rest of their men.

B. Saunderson (Form V)

IN DAYS OF OLD

I shall always remember my first automobile ride. It was a fine Saturday morning in April, 1908, and Papa decided to take Mama, Aunt Gwynn, and me on an automobile trip to my Uncle John's in Knowlton, seventy miles from Montreal.

Papa had bought a new Wilson a week before, and was all enthused about taking long trips, like the one on which we were about to embark. Mama got Fanny, the cook, to put up a picnic lunch for us to eat on the way, and we were all looking forward to the journey very much.

We donned our dust coats, Mama, and Aunt Gwynn put on their bannets, Papa put on his goggles and cap, and we roared off down the previously quiet Montreal street. In no time, we were at the Victoria Bridge, the wonder of the preceding century. We paid our toll, and ten minutes later, we arrived at the other side. We sped along at a hefty seventeen miles per hour. I loved it, although Mama, and Aunt Gwynn repeatedly cautioned Papa on the danger of reckless speed.

At twelve-thirty, we stopped beside the road to eat the picnic lunch. We dusted ourselves, and spread a rug out, under a tree. Just as we began our lunch, I noticed some black clouds coming towards us from the south-east, but since the grown-ups were engaged in conversation, I decided against breaking in. Soon, however, it started to grow quite dark, and Mama remarked that we had better get on the road again.

We gathered up the rest of the picnic lunch, and loaded it into the car, and we put up the hood against the rain which was just coming. We soon got going, after a few cranks and backfires, but unfortunately, just as soon, the left front tire had a puncture. We stopped, and Papa and I got out, and removed the wheel. We found the hole, patched it, inflated the tire, and finally managed to put it back on the car.

We started again, and nothing happened during the next two hours, except for another two, or three punctures, but by now, Papa and I were getting quite adept at repairing the tires.

Then we got stuck in the mud. We all got out and started heaving and hoeing, and pulling and showing, but it did no good, except maybe to get the car in further. Papa then trudged over to the nearest farmhouse, and the farmer, understanding our predicament, obligingly brought his horse over, and we finally un-bogged the car.

Three hours later, one automobile, along with its four bemired occupants, pulled itself into Uncle John's driveway, in Knavltan, P.Q. He greeted these poor souls with a radiant smile, and proudly declared, "I have bought a new auto, and I shall take all of you for a trip in it tomorrow". This statement was followed by a loud groan from the four.

Christopher Hyde, (Form V)

SMUGGLER'S CAVE

One autumn afternoon, during the Napoleonic Wars, a group of revenue men were sitting in a public house in Weymouth, smoking their pipes, when the door was flung open, and Captain Farquhar, the local revenue-officer, entered. He was a middle-sized man, whose face wore a determined look. He explained to the men, that he had lately received hints, that in a few days, a cargo would be run in near Bridgeport. He also said that it was in his opinion but a ruse to get them on the other side of Portland Bill. He therefore decided to send an armed party to Swanage where they would await further orders, while he would endeavour to pick up any scrap information.

That same night a woman, whom her husband had lately beaten, divulged the real place where the contraband goods were to be landed. She claimed it would be in Tabernacle Bay, only a few miles west of Swanage. Captain Farquhar immediately dispatched a horseman to Swanage, warning the other party to come to the bay in two days.

Two days later, a few men were talking in low tones to each other on one of the cliffs overlooking Tabernacle Bay. After a while the men left, leaving one of their number, who carried a lantern, stationed on the cliff. The smugglers, for such they were, opened a trap-door, hidden in a big bush, and descended down a shaft by a ladder, which led to a cavern. There, many casks of brandy, and other boxes were stored, some of which contained silk and lace. A thick oak door barred any further progress, until it was opened from inside. The passage only lasted another forty feet, before it reached another cavern, which was lighted by a large opening, which looked out to sea. It was about forty feet from the water at high tide, and fifty feet from the top of the cliff. The opening was visible from the sea, but as no path led to it, it was left untouched by the revenue men.

That same night, three flashes from a lantern based on top of the cliff lit up the night. In answer to the signal, three flashes of light came from seaward. A short time later, a lugger, which by the cut of her sails was French, glided out of the darkness to anchor right beside the cliff. She was the notorious smuggler 'Jeanne Découverte', hailing from Nantes. A rope-ladder was then thrown down, by which the captain of the lugger ascended. Meanwhile a crane unloaded the cargo.

About half way through the operation, a sentry brought word, that a party of armed men were watching them. Uttering maledictions, all the men noiselessly manned the lugger, which in a few minutes left their rendez-vous to their watchers. However, the party on shore signalled this to what was doubtless a revenue cutter. The lugger kept as far inshore as it dared, to avoid falling in with the warship. However, a signal from shore emphasized the fact that they had been sighted again. The captain of the smuggler rightly suspected, that the cutter would work itself to about ten miles from the bay, where it would cruise about until daylight. As dawn came they saw, a few miles to starboard, the outline of their pursuer. The latter doubtless also saw them silhouetted against the skyline. Nothing could, however, be done as both ships were becalmed. Suddenly the sails of the warship began to fill with the wind, and the ship met the water at five knots.

Ten minutes later, the wind hit the lugger. The ships were now racing parallel to one another, but the cutter slowly began to lose ground. As the wind increased in volume, the warship's topsails began to flutter and came down, and at the same moment the ship fired a gun. As the ships were four miles apart, the shot could only be another signal.

There were several ships to be seen in the Channel, but one of them, the frigate 'Thetis', changed its course to intercept. After an hour's chase, the 'Jeanne Découverte' was overhauled by the frigate, which fired a gun in front of the Frenchman's bow. Obliging the lugger pulled in his sails, but the captain had another trick up his sleeve. As soon as the frigate passed by them again, reefing her sails, the lugger's sails flew up the masts, and the ship ran before the wind. One mile separated the two ships, until broadside after broadside tore through the lugger's hull. Suddenly a broadside from the cutter, which had slowly and unnoticed made her way to the smuggler, brought down the mizzen mast, and ended the chase.

Soon a boat sent by the frigate brought an officer aboard, who inquired about their cargo. He also told them that his captain gave vent to such a rage, that he would assuredly have sunk the ship, if it hadn't been for the cutter's lucky shot. All the crew of the lugger were pressed for service aboard the frigate as that ship was short of men.

W. Boehler, (Farm IV)

THE ABOMINABLE SNOW-MAN

It was a cool, crisp morning, as our caravan wound along a narrow mountain trail, high above sea-level in the Himalayas. We were going to try to conquer Mount Everest, and although it had been defeated twice before, my legs wobbled and my spine tingled when I thought of the icy fate which had trapped so many of the world's best climbers. This fear was balanced, however, by the fact that I had scaled most of the highest Rockies, some almost as rugged as Everest, but only half her height. As the caravan came in sight of the last village on our ascent map, I wondered what it would feel like to stand on the highest piece of ground on Earth, and plant my flag beside the two already there.

My dreaming was then interrupted when I saw a man standing with upraised arms, some distance from the village gate. I signalled our party to halt, and Tsling, our chief Tibetan guide and my partner, dismounted from his horse and approached the stranger to see what he wanted. From the costume he wore, he looked like a Tibetan monk, and when Tsling returned, he told me that the stranger called himself an "Oracle of the High Lama", and had warned us to turn back, and let Everest sleep, lest the Yeti* be angered.

This unexpected news meant nothing to me, until a little later on, when Tsling reported that a few superstitious native porters, who believed in the Yeti, had left the caravan. I am not a believer in ghosts or spirits, but everybody is superstitious in some way, and so I began to wonder about the famed "Abominable Snow-Man". By noon, every one of the fifty porters had heard of the snow-man warning, and except for the white executive members of the expedition, everybody felt like giving up their mission. This white minority numbered eight, all good friends of mine and excellent climbers, and when we camped that night, I called them and Tsling to a conference. We discussed the problem of the morale of the porters, and then Tsling made a startling announcement to me and my friends. He told us that the "Oracle" was not a Tibetan at all, but a European, as he had noticed trouser cuffs and boots under the stranger's Tibetan gown. From this information it was obvious that someone did not want us to complete the expedition, and was trying to scare us off, but we quickly forgot all our fears during the next few days, which we spent in routine climbing and preparing for the final assault.

The last day of the climb finally came. Tsling and I would climb the last mile by ourselves dressed in thick climbing suits and oxygen units. The temperature was well below zero and the air was extremely thin. By noon we could see the summit, half a mile above, covered by a thick white snow-cloud. After a short rest, we began to scale up the

*"Yeti" is the Tibetan name for the mythical "Abominable Snow-Man".

jagged side of an ice shelf. Just as we were pulling ourselves over the edge of the shelf, I saw something that made my blood run cold. There on the shelf, only five yards away, with their backs against us, were two men. Hearing the noise of our ice axes, they turned around startled, and when they saw us, one of them raised his axe to hurl it at Tsling. The latter reached into his tunic pocket for the revolver he always carried, but the axe knacked him cold before he could fire or duck. Then, the owner of the ice-axe approached me, gun in hand, and while I stood there helpless, he rolled the unconscious Tsling off the ledge, to his death below. The other man, who had watched the proceedings calmly, then aimed his gun to shoot me. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, he let out a muffled cry from behind his oxygen mask, and dropped his gun. I spun around to see what had alarmed him so, and saw to my amazement what I gathered to be the "Abominable Snow-Man"!

Could this creature really be the mythical snow-man? He was about seven feet tall and had the appearance somewhat of a polar bear standing on his hind legs. The two men stood gaping as he approached me. I almost fainted when he touched me, but he only gave me a light push to one side of him. He then gave an ear-splitting shriek, and headed toward the two strangers. While I had the chance, I climbed down off the ledge, but I could not see any sign of Tsling's body. As I turned to run, I heard two pistols shots and saw the Snow-Man climbing down after me. Desperately I raised my ice axe to defend myself, but something soft hit me square in the oxygen mask and caused me to drop the axe. It was a snow-ball! That was certainly strange!

As the Snow-Man approached me, much to my amazement I recognized him to be Tsling, in an elaborate disguise. He then told me that when he rolled over the shelf, he had hit a soft patch of snow, which broke his fall. His thermos canteen which contained hot water had been broken when he fell, and had squirted all over his climbing suit, so that when he hit the snow, the hot water froze and the snow stuck to him. His oxygen mask made an excellent snout. To my relief, he had "taken care of" the two strange climbers. It was evident that the latter had tried to scare us out of completing our expedition, so they could beat us to the top. Our oxygen was now too low to allow an immediate assault on the summit, but with our ex-rivals now out of the way, we would be able to reattempt the climb safely, the next day. When we reached the others at the 25,000 foot level camp, we looked back at the shelf, where we had encountered the two men. Our faces, which had been smiling with success, suddenly froze with amazement. There on the shelf, many feet above, we saw a huge white form looking down upon us.

Bill Hesler, (Form IV.)

A SPOOKY STORY

I was thinking today of a weird evening I spent some years ago. The mist, rain and high wind this afternoon reminded me most vividly of my former ordeal. At that time we were living on the outskirts of a large city in a very heavily wooded area and there were no other houses in our immediate vicinity.

On that particular night I was alone in the house. The fire had burned low, casting strange shadows around the moon, and I was half asleep thinking how nice it would be when I could move around freely once more. You see I had broken my leg some weeks before and it was still in a cast, which greatly restricted my activities. In my imagination I was just taking a mighty swipe at a golf ball when I heard a door slam violently in the upper part of the house. This shocked me into wakefulness and I listened intently for any further sound or movement. The wind was howling so lustily and the rain beating on the windows so loudly that I could hear nothing. It would be so difficult for me to go upstairs to find what caused the door to slam that I settled down with the consoling thought that

SPEIRS HOUSE



WANSTALL HOUSE



someone had gone out and left their window open, thus allowing the wind to cause my alarm.

I picked up a book, but before I could switch on a lamp so that I might read, I became conscious that the hall light had gone out, but that there were lights in the back of the house where none had been before! I got up to investigate, and, as I entered the hall, the light flashed on and the one in the kitchen went out. Somewhat shaken, I slowly limped to the back of the house. While I did so the kitchen light went on again. Getting up my courage, I went boldly into the kitchen, demanding to know who was there. There was not a soul to be seen!

I went back to my seat before the fire after glancing out of the window and observing that the high wind and heavy rain had been replaced by a steady drizzle and thick mist, giving the garden and the near-by woods a strange, ghostly look.

Another hour passed, during which the strange behaviour of the hall and kitchen lights continued, though I could find no explanation for it and I was certain by now it was not caused by human hands. Just then I became aware of a faint tapping on the window. I listened intently and it ceased, only to begin again more urgently a few minutes later. Deciding that my nerves were playing me tricks, I tried to ignore the sound. The more I tried to forget it, the more insistent it seemed to become. I rose and looked out the window. I saw a sight which made me gasp in surprise and unbelief. Long, ghostly arms were topping the window and seemed to belong to an odd figure in the tree outside. This figure was topped by a rather battered felt hat. I quickly switched on the porch light and went outside. There was no-one in the tree. Putting out the light, I went back inside and there was that ghostly figure again!

At that moment my brother's car swept into the drive, its powerful headlights penetrating the soft blanket of mist around the house. Once more the figure disappeared. With the whole family home we began an investigation of the odd occurrences of that night. The figure was easily explained. The high wind had carried the battered hat into the tree where it had lodged on top of a figure formed by an unusual combination of branches, mist and the reflection of the street light. The queer performance of the lights took longer to understand. Eventually we found that the mice had gnawed the wiring, causing a short circuit.

J. Keoys, (Form IV)

ABANDON SHIP

The sun was slowly sinking beneath a beautiful ocean, and casting a glow on the horizon, and clearly silhouetting the frame of the HMCS Cambridge.

She was a convoy escort coming back to Londonderry. She weighed twelve hundred tons, and carried nearly one hundred and fifty men.

Suddenly she was spotted by a U-boat and fired at, the ship trembled, and a piece of the port side was torn off, flooding two of the six compartments. A voice came from the officer in charge of repairs telling the captain of a torpedo hit.

On the upper deck, the sound of voices could be heard through the rising sea, the dusk, the cold wind, and the acrid smell of gunpowder.

There was another lurch and the Captain announced that they had been hit under A gun, putting it out of action, and that X gun's crew were ordered to stand by. The remainder of the crew on deck were to prepare to launch the boats.

It was impossible to send a message, because the wireless was broken and the w/t officer couldn't transmit.

A starshell was fired, which is a means of lighting, and the Captain sat in his chair on the bridge, waiting for a reply, if anything was sighted, with the waves slapping and thumping against the sides of the ship.

The night had completely changed from a beautiful Atlantic sunset to a glittering full moon, stars, and silvery waves, and in the distance the Northern lights could be seen shining on and off irregularly.

Then the Captain regained his senses and realized the responsibility bestowed upon him.

He had been trained for an occasion such as this, to make decisions, and to foretell the enemy's plans.

Three more torpedoes scored, forcing a problem into the captain's mind, whether or not to "Abandon Ship". All hands waited for his answer. They all depended on him for his skill as a seaman. Just then, he could feel the suction of another compartment being flooded. He ordered all hands on deck, but his words "Abandon Ship" were cut off by a violent explosion.

A starshell was fired again, the Captain now saw how his ship had been damaged. Two of the life-boats were shattered. The stretchers were lying overturned, with the occupants nowhere to be seen, and men in groups were leaning over dead bodies.

Another shot hit the chart-house, leaving only three men on the bridge, the signalman, the look-out, and the Captain. The other look-out was lying headless against a machine gun mounting. A shell from X gun hit the target, and with his binoculars, the Captain saw the U-boat rise to the surface about a mile away. Again X gun fired, a spout of water rose from about three yards away from her bow, making a hole in her side.

The Captain knew his opponent would think of two possible solutions. The first that he had only a crippled ship to deal with and fight on the surface, or go down to periscope depth and fire another torpedo. Either way, the odds were strongly against the Cambridge.

Then came a shot to end the Captain's doubts, from both ships, both at the same time. The U-boat shell landed squarely on X gun, ripping the platform to pieces, and from X gun herself, an orange flash spurted, and was succeeded by the crump of an explosion.

X gun, badly wounded, had made its last shot, a mortal one for the enemy. X gun's crew were all dead, it consisted of seven men. Three men were killed below.

Within the hour the ship would sink, so the Captain ordered the crew into the boats. In all there were five of them that would stay afloat. Less than thirty-two remained, no more than fifty per cent of the original crew.

They were spotted by an aeroplane and picked up the next morning by the HMCS Marlborough.

M. Guité, (Form III)

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

(The Royal Canadian Mounted Police)

Lo, Wake the prairie echoes with
The ever-welcome sound,
Ring out the "Boot and Saddle", till
Its stirring notes resound.
Their chargers toss their bridled heads
And chafe against the reins;
Ring out, ring out the marching call
For the Riders of the Plains.
For them no cheerful hostelries
Their welcome gates unfold,
No generous board, no downy couch
Await the troopers bold.
Beneath the starry canopy
At eve, when daylight wanes,
There lie the hardy wanderers,
The Riders of the Plains.

They bear no lifted banner,
The soldier's core and pride,
No waving flag waves onward
The horsemen as they ride.
Their only guide is duty's call
And well its strength sustains
The dountless spirit of those men
The Riders of the Plains.

They number but three hundred
In all this Great Lone Land,
Which stretches o'er this continent
To where the Rockies stand;
But not one heart doth falter,
No coward voice complains,
That few, too few in number, are
The Riders of the Plains.

N. Kairis, (Form IV)

THE FARMER'S LIFE

In spring the farmer ploughs his land,
And seeds the fresh-tilled soil,
Now burst the buds on every hand,
And bees begin their toil,

The robin bustles at her nest,
And feeds her hungry brood,
She seldom gives herself a rest,
So long as they need food.

When the summer sun shines overhead,
And the shade is very cool,
One will find ten Ayrshires red,
All drinking at the pool,

And when the wind blows through the wheat,
It makes a whispering sound,
The horizon shimmers through the heat,
There's nature all around.

The autumn days are bright and warm,
The reaper cuts the grain,
And puts the crop into the barn,
Before October's rain,

And when the fruits are stored away,
And harvest moon is bright,
The fiddler makes the evening gay,
With doncing through the night,

R. Herzer, (Form III)

THE BALLAD OF THE SAN SALVADOR

"The *San Salvador* comes from Liverpool,
A Liverpool ship she be",
I heard an old, old sailar say
As he looked out to sea.

"A finer ship there never was,
Nor ever more shall be.
She was the best ship ever seni
To His Majesty's Navy,

But the Navy did an awful thing:
They put her out to sea!
Yet a finer ship there never was
Nor ever more shall be.

The crew of the old *San Salvador*
Yau never more shall see,
But the captain was a salty tar,
And a witless man was he;

For a finer ship there never was
Nor ever more shall be.
The Navy did a frightful thing
When they sent her out to sea,

Because she was as full of holes
As anything can be —
But a finer ship there never was
Nor ever more shall be.

The crew of the old *San Salvador*
Yau never more shall see,
For with the finest ship on earth
They sank to the bottom of the sea;

And a finer ship there never was
Nor ever more shall be;
For often in the gloaming hours,
When sinking sun dath wink at me

I see the old *San Salvador*
Came sailing in from sea;
And a finer ship there never was
Nor ever more shall be!"

So saying, the sailor looked up
And cast his eye on me.
The sun was sinking in the west
And darkening was the sea:

And far away upon the north
A ship I seemed to see —
A ship all white and ghostly,
A frightful ship was she:

And I knew it was the *Salvador*
A-sailing in to me,
For a finer ship there never was
Nor ever more shall be!

R. Walker, (Form III)

BACKSTROKER

His arms stretch back and overhead,
Legs thrash like a machine;
Indifferent to what lies ahead,
He's watching where he's been.

EXTRAORDINARY

There was a young man from Perth,
Who was born on the day of his birth;
He was married they say on his wife's wedding day,
And he died on his last day on earth.

T. C. LaFontaine (Farm V)

THE SEA MONSTER

Of the many things that live in the sea,
Few have the power and importance of me,
I don't have scales or fins large and fine,
And you couldn't hook me on your fishing line.

But I live in the sea, and strangely enough,
I can also live out of it, buoy am I tough.
In peacetime they rest me, in wartime they test me,
To guess what I am have I told you enough?

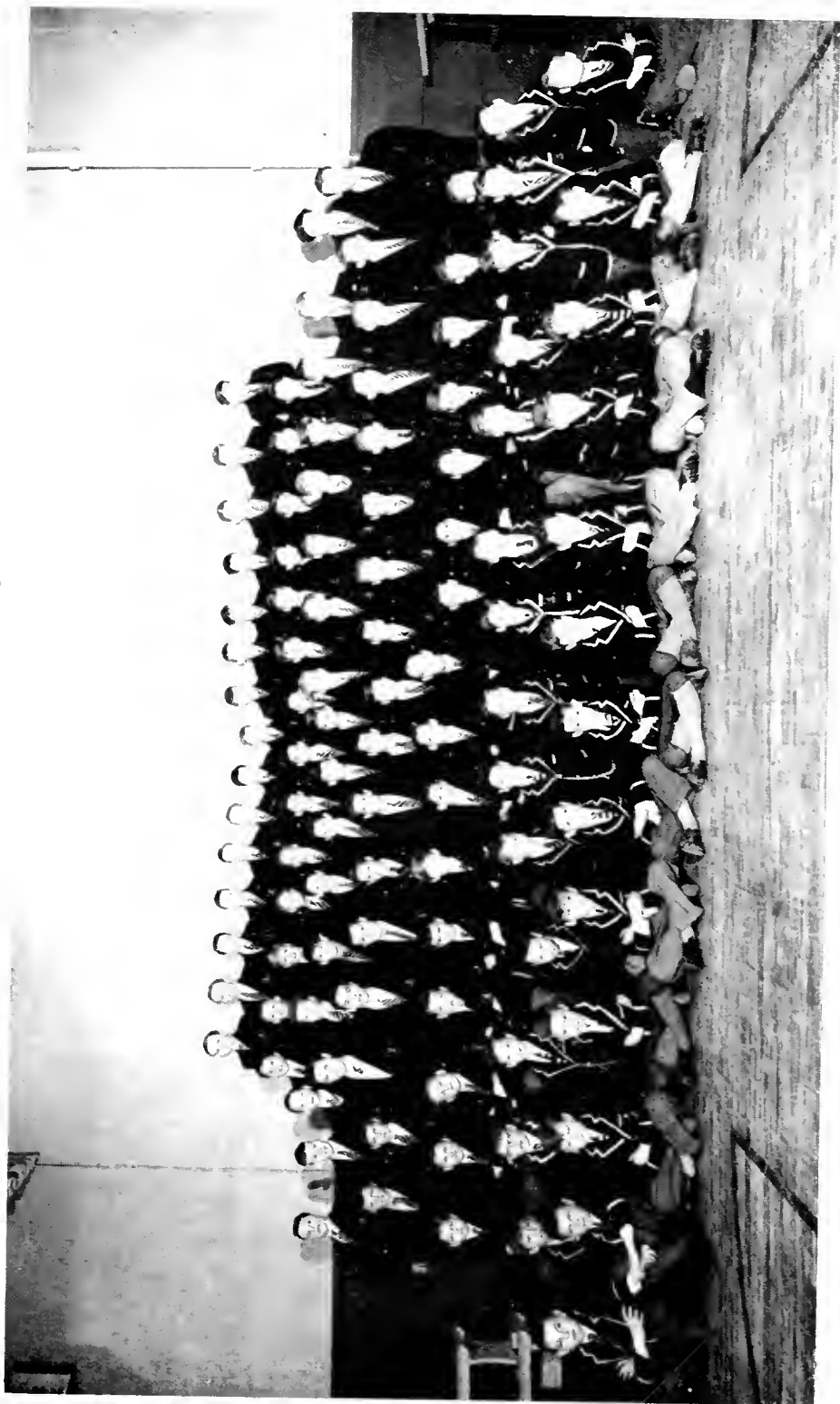
I dive into waters so deep and so black,
I do it with hundreds of men on my back,
I can stay submerged far weeks at a time,
And when I come up I still feel fine.

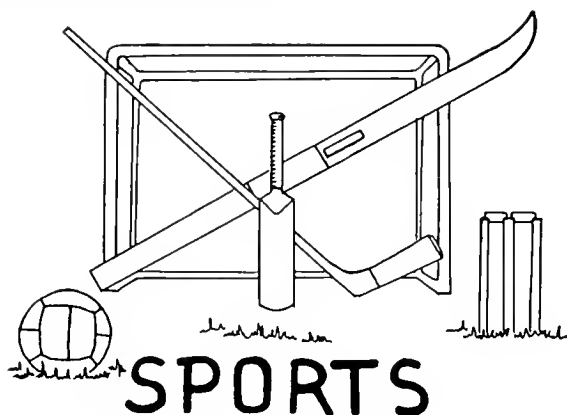
I can see what's on top when I'm way down below;
My grey body travels at rates fast or slow,
In many large seas of the world have I been,
For haven't you guessed? I'm a big submarine.

H. Bloomfield, (Farm III)



SCHOOL CHOIRS





CRICKET — 1956

Poor weather reduced the already limited time available for cricket, so that opportunity for practice was small. This showed itself, perhaps inevitably, in somewhat sluggish fielding and erratic throwing-in and in too many loose balls, but in the circumstances the school can be satisfied with its achievements.

The Howis Cup was retained by Speirs House, who had little trouble in defeating their opponents handsomely. There was a tendency for the other houses to handicap themselves by concentrating upon staying in, and losing sight of the obvious point that when playing against a time limit the only essential is to score at any cost.

Only two matches were possible.

June 2, Under 13 team v. Sedburgh, at Montebello.

Heavy rain for several days had made the outfield very slow, and the difficulties of the wicket did not encourage heavy scoring. Indeed, Sedburgh, who batted first, could last only twelve overs, and scored only 6 runs. Hutcheson (5 wickets for two runs) and Henwood i (5 wickets for four runs) bowled extremely well. In reply we found it almost as difficult to make runs, and only Hyde (12 not out) reached double figures in an innings of 40. Each side completed a second innings, scoring, curiously, 16 runs each.

Result: won by 34 runs.

June 11 S.H.S. v. The Fathers' team, at Upper Malson Field.

Torrential rain caused the postponement of the game from its original date, but compensated by bringing out the grass on the wicket. The Fathers batted first, and scored briskly to reach 159 for five before declaring. Hutcheson and Henwood i again bore the brunt of the bowling, and persevered manfully against their lack of success. The school innings did not achieve quite the pace of the Fathers', and it was necessary to treat with

respect the bowling of Dean Fieldhouse and Mr. Stollmeyer and to use what Dr. Gilbert called "the experimental end" to score off. Hutcheson, who opened the innings, batted confidently for his 38 before being caught off an injudicious strike; Phillips i played a bold innings to reach 23 before running himself out, and Henwood i made a useful 17. A word of sympathy is due to Colby who, after bringing off a magnificent catch in the long-field while fielding as substitute, suffered the annoyance of being caught in the same way by Fieldhouse, who had relieved him—the only two brilliant catches of the season. The school innings ended at 120, as high a score against them as any of the Fathers could remember. Mr. Bogert attended to present the Bogert Cup to Dr. Gilbert, who this year took over the captaincy of the Fathers.

Result: lost by 39 runs.

Colours were subsequently presented to Gilbert i, Hutcheson, Phillips i and Henwood i.

SENIOR CRICKET TEAM, 1956



Rear: Mr. Phillips, C. Hyde, N. LeMoine, D. Phillips, J. Chamard, Mr. Moodey
Centre: D. Doyle, J. Henwood, R. Gilbert, D. Hutcheson, R. Aikman.
Front: P. Phillips, R. Henwood, T. Gilbert, R. Colby, A. Miller.

CHARACTERS

GILBERT I (captain). A little disappointing after the promise shown in the previous season, but his enthusiasm was a value to the team.

HUTCHESON. Again the mainstay of the side, in batting, bowling and fielding. A tendency to experiment rather than maintain his known ability produces occasional surprises—not always of the kind expected.

PHILLIPS I. Amply fulfilled his previous promise. Batted confidently and fielded keenly, and was a useful change bowler.

HENWOOD I. A steady and persistent bowler of great value to the team, whose batting improved steadily.

AIKMAN I. Did not achieve as much as was hoped. His fielding was good, but his batting was still handicapped by his dangerous cross-stroke.

HYDE. Perhaps the most improved member of the team. His bowling was steady, and his stroke-play more confident; excellent in the field.

MILLER. His wicket-keeping was excellent and fully justified his place in the team. His botting also is improving creditably.

LE MOINE I. Somewhat unpredictable. At his best he batted creditably, and fielded well.

CHAMARD. Showed promise of developing into a good batsman, but was somewhat too leisurely in his fielding.

HENWOOD II. Bowls with persistence, but as yet lacks a little in confidence. Should be a useful player next year.

COLBY. Played keenly, though with no marked success.

FIELDHOUSE. Showed promise with the bat, and fielded well.

SOCCKER (1956)

The Under 15

On the whole our school did not have a good record this year in soccer. Perhaps it is easy to make excuses, but we did not have as much practice as we should have had. Practices after house games were none too satisfactory, as most of the players were worn out. Most weeks, we only had one practice besides the house games. This was not enough, and more work is planned for those who want to play in 1957. At present we are only echoing those famous Brooklyn words, "Wait till next year".

The Under 15 team played well, but lacked sufficient condition to play as hard as they should have throughout the game. All the games were good games, and were played with considerable enthusiasm. The best soccer was played in the game at Sedbergh. Here all members played hard, and played a very good team game, all goals but one being scored on good passing plays. The team improved considerably from the start of the season till the end.

CHARACTERS

McGillis (*Goal*). Played a good steady game, had sure hands that saved many a goal.

He often played courageously, but must be careful of his positional play.

Hyde (*Full back*). Was a very steady influence on the defence. He cleared the ball well, and tackled hard. A most valuable player.

Nobbs (*Full back*). Played well, but will have to learn to tackle harder, and to carry his opponent more.

Wakefield i (*Half back*). Played hard, and covered a lot of ground. He knew what to do with the ball when he had it, but must work harder to get it.

Miller (*Half back*). A very dependable hard-working player. He developed a very good kick, was a good team player, and will be very useful next year.

Saunderson (*Half back*). A hard tackler who was very difficult to pass. He had a very good kick.

Doyle (*Inside*) *Captain*. Played an excellent game. He was a threat whenever he was near the goal, through his speed, and heavy shot.

Hutcheson (*Inside*). A hard shot, and very good and deceptive at dribbling the ball. This combined with speed made him a very hard man to stop.

Smith (*Outside*). Played a good game, showing a good turn of speed. He showed that he was well able to centre the ball into the goal mouth.

Phillips i (*Centre forward*). Played very good positional football, which enabled him to score a number of goals.

Murfin I (*Outside*). Played well, but must work at ball control.

Ferro (*Outside*). Had considerable ability, but he must be careful of where he passes the ball.

Coristine I (*Half back*). Played well. He must become more aggressive.

Soccer colours were awarded to Hyde, Miller, Doyle, Saunderson, and Hutcheson.

The Under 13

The Under 13 played only two games this year against B.C.S., and lost both. The two games followed a definite pattern, being very even in the first half, and then having Bishops pour in goals in the second half.

The following boys played for the team, Bastian, Dolman, Gilbert, Watchorn, Peters, Berrill, McNeill, MacDougall, Thom, Henwood, and Paquet, with Ballontyne as spare.

The Under 12

The Under 12 team had a longer season, but not a particularly successful one. They played four games, winning one, tying one, and losing two. With practice, I feel that this group will make a very good group next year on the Under 13 level. They will need to be in much better condition, and practise much harder.

Those who played for this team were, Bastian, Dolman, Guité, Birks i, Watchorn, Steven, McNeill D., MacDougall, Shaughnessy, Wells and Ballontyne.

SOCCER SCORES

Under 15: Thurs.	Sept. 27	vs. Wstmt. Jr. High	Away	Lost 0-1
Mon.	Oct. 1	vs. Sedbergh	Home	Lost 1-3
Wed.	Oct. 3	vs. Valleyfield	Home	Lost 0-1
Mon.	Oct. 15	vs. Ashbury	Home	Won 3-1
Sat.	Oct. 20	vs. Sedbergh	Away	Won 3-1
Sat.	Nov. 3	vs. Ashbury	Away	Lost 2-5
Under 13: Sat.	Sept. 29	vs. Bishops	Away	Lost 1-4
Mon.	Oct. 29	vs. Bishops	Home	Lost 1-4
Under 12: Mon.	Oct. 1	vs. Sedbergh	Home	Won 1-0
Mon.	Oct. 15	vs. Ashbury	Home	Tied 1-1
Sat.	Oct. 20	vs. Sedbergh	Away	Lost 1-3
Sat.	Nov. 3	vs. Ashbury	Away	Lost 1-3

SENIOR SOCCER TEAM, 1956



Inset: C. Hyde.

Rear: P. Nobbs, M. Ferro, J. McGillis, D. Murfin, Mr. Tees.
 Centre: J. Nickson, A. Miller, D. Doyle, D. Hutcheson, B. Saunderson.
 Front: A. Wakefield, C. Coristine, R. Smith, P. Phillips.

HOCKEY (The UNDER 15)

The senior team played ten games this season. The overall picture was one of constant improvement. The team which finished the season was a very different one compared to the one which started the season.

The greatest achievement of the year was saved until the last game. The team played an extremely fine game against Westmount, second in the city league, to win 4-3. Our team had lost the previous week to the same team 6-1. All in all this final win against the best opponents we met was the crowning of a mediocre season of two wins, six losses, and two ties.

CHARACTERS

Hyde (*Goal*). A very valuable member of the team. On many occasions, his stellar play was responsible for a win or keeping the team within striking distance of the opponents. (colours)

Doyle (*Defence*). Vice-captain. A very strong defensive player. He organized many offensive rushes which relieved the pressure on our goal. His low hard shots from the point, on the power play, scored on a number of occasions. (colours)

Phillips (*Defence*). Fast skating, and quick reaction made him an ideal defence partner for Doyle despite his small stature.

Miller (*Defence*). Aggressiveness and a deceptive shot made him a very valuable asset to the team. (colours)

Nickson (*Defence*). A hard shot and his ability to block many of the opposing forwards were contributions made by this player to his team.

McGillis (*Centre*). This boy developed very rapidly and made the greatest amount of progress this year. He became a very deft stick-handler and set up many plays with his well-directed passes. (colours)

Saunderson (*Left wing*). Captain. One of the most outstanding boys on the team. Hard shooting, fast skating, strong backchecking and great determination made it possible for him to become the leading scorer of the team. (colours)

Caristine (*Right wing*). This boy played for the first time on the senior team. He improved as he obtained experience.

Stanger (*Centre*). Good backchecking and fast skating were two assets used to good advantage to stop opposing teams in their own end of the rink.

Stikeman (*Left wing*). Great persistence allowed this player to steal the puck deep in the opponent's end of the rink and set up many scoring opportunities. A valuable player this year, he will be more so for next year's team. (colours)

Vicinelli (*Right forward*). Played for the first time on an inter-school hockey team. Lacking experience in all the fundamentals he learned very quickly and should be of great help next season.

Nabbs (*Right wing*). Played for the first time on an inter-school team. He tried extremely hard to further his knowledge of the game throughout the season.

HOCKEY SCORES

Under 15: Sat.	Dec. 22	vs. Macdonald	Away	Lost 2-6
Sat.	Jan. 26	vs. Macdonald	Away	Lost 1-6
Wed.	Jan. 30	vs. St. George's	Home	Tied 2-2
Sat.	Feb. 2	vs. Ashbury	Away	Lost 0-1
Mon.	Feb. 4	vs. Sedbergh	Home	Lost 1-2
Wed.	Feb. 13	vs. St. George's	Home	Won 4-0
Mon.	Feb. 11	vs. Ashbury	Home	Tied 2-2
Wed.	Feb. 20	vs. Wstmt. Jr. High	Home	Lost 1-6
Sat.	Feb. 23	vs. Sedbergh	Away	Lost 1-2
Tues.	Feb. 26	vs. Wstmt. Jr. High	Away	Won 4-3

Under 12: Wed.	Feb. 20	vs. St. George's	Home	Won 3-2
Under 13: Thur.	Jan. 24	vs. LCC	Away	Lost 6-0
Mon.	Jan. 28	vs. BCS	Home	Lost 6-0
Sat.	Feb. 2	vs. BCS	Away	Lost 6-1
Mon.	Feb. 4	vs. LCC	Home	Lost 6-0
Mon.	Feb. 11	vs. Ashbury	Home	Won 3-1
Sat.	Feb. 23	vs. Ashbury	Away	Lost 8-2

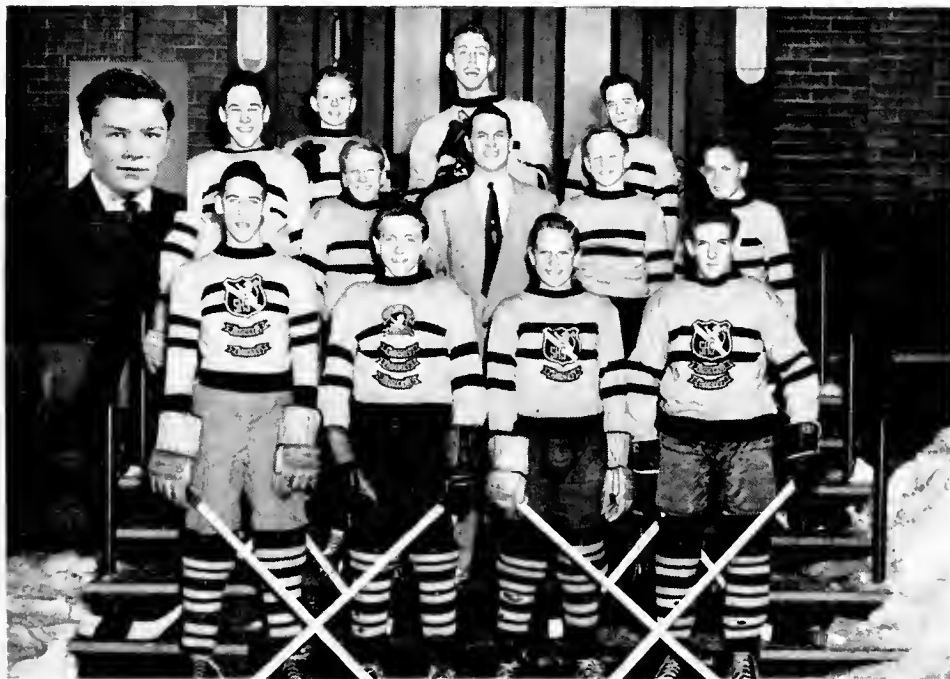
THE UNDER 13

The Under 13 was our most important team this year at the junior level, but unfortunately it was a most unsuccessful one. Of our six games we won but one, and lost all the others by very decisive margins. Both Bishops and L.C.C. produced extremely powerful team, and unfortunately we just did not belong in the same league with them. We could, however, have done better if more effort had been made on the ice, and if we had checked better. Despite this, a great deal of credit should go to Peters, Bostian, and Watchorn, who gave all they had in all their games.

THE UNDER 12

The Under 12 team is the team to watch next year, when it becomes the Under 13. They played only one game, but they have a determination that will be hard to beat when they take to the ice next winter. This was the first time in some years that we have played against St. George's, and we were delighted at how good a team we met. The whole game was very exciting, as we came from behind twice to win.

SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM, 1957



Inset: C. Hyde.

Rear: G. Vicinelli, J. Nickson, P. Phillips.

Centre: P. Nobbs, M. Stanger, Mr. Cooke, J. McGillis, C. Cristine.

Front: D. Doyle, B. Saunderson, J. Stikeman, A. Miller.

INTER-SCHOOL SKI MEET

On the week-end of February 9, 1957, a five-school ski meet was held at Ste Marguerite under the direction of Mr. Malcolm Barclay of Lower Canada College.

The Selwyn House team, with Mr. Iversen as coach, turned in a good performance and placed second, Michael Stanger coming first in the slalom and third in the downhill, Donald Doyle and Brian Saunders making seventh and ninth place respectively in the downhill, and fourth and sixth in the slalom. Christopher Caristine and Alex Miller also skied well for the school, but none of our contestants excelled in the cross country.

Final standings of the five schools were as follows: —

1st Sedbergh School	1106.2
2nd Selwyn House School	1008.4
3rd Lower Canada College	992.0
4th Bishop's College School	952.8
5th Ashbury College	951.8

JUNIOR SKI-ING

In spite of persistently poor conditions caused by a dearth of snow, another very successful ski course for juniors was held last winter under the skillful direction of Mr. P. Kirchgessner of Henry Morgan & Co.

The end of season ski contest resulted in Ernest Pitt and Jamie Morgan winning awards in class B and Brian Shemilt an award in class A. Honorable mention for good progress was again given to Philip Thom, David McMaster, Blair Russel, Kip Cabbett, John MacPhail, and Rayden McConnell.

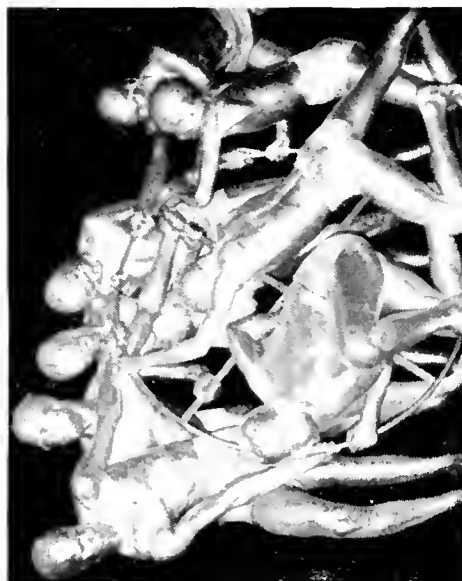
Mr. J. Bartlett Morgan, member of the Board of Governors, donated and presented cups to the winners at a school assembly.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1955-56

	Lucas	Macaulay	Wanstall	Speirs
Work	262.65	300.00	185.36	211.28
General Activities	167.48	179.05	164.97	169.87
Football	96.77	100.00	77.42	74.19
Hockey	47.50	100.00	62.50	60.00
Basketball	100.00	87.50	60.94	31.57
Cricket	25.00	12.50	0.00	50.00
Softball	0.00	50.00	25.00	12.50
Track	40.00	32.66	19.04	13.33
Swimming	25.00	22.73	11.37	4.55
Skiing	17.58	20.22	18.62	20.70
Boxing	10.00	8.50	6.50	1.50
Totals	791.98	913.16	631.72	649.49

Final positions: —

1. Macaulay	913.16
2. Lucas	791.98
3. Speirs	649.49
4. Wanstall	631.72



Top two: Hockey Dance.



Right bottom: Debating Society in action.

Left bottom: Gym Display tableau.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

At the end of the Easter term, Wanstall House has won the three trophies so far awarded—for Football, Hockey and Debating—but Macaulay, though more closely challenged this year, still retains the lead.

	Lucas	Macaulay	Wanstall	Speirs
Work	280.48	300.00	158.89	188.67
General Activities	162.78	161.85	181.57	133.18
Football	74.34	82.05	100.00	82.05
Hockey	25.56	72.22	100.00	42.22
Total (maximum 700)	563.16	616.12	540.46	446.46
	1. Macaulay			88.02%
	2. Lucas			80.39%
	3. Wanstall			77.21%
	4. Speirs			63.74%

ANNUAL SWIMMING MEET

The annual swimming meet was held in the M.A.A. pool on Wednesday, April 17, under the direction of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Cooke and Mr. Tees.

Brian Sounderson proved the star of the meet, winning the 4 lengths (open), the 2 lengths (14 and over), the Diving (13 and over). Michael Stonger came second in all the above events, Graeme Tennant won the Diving (12 and under) and the Backstroke (12 and under). David Thom came first in the 2 lengths (13 years), Timothy Gilbert captured the 2 lengths (12 years). Other winners included Robert Bruce (1 length—11 years), Duncan McMartin (1 length—10 years), Peter Nobbs (1 length—backstroke—13 and over). Among the runners-up in various events were Hamilton Baxter, Stephan Paquet, Gregor Maxwell, Eric Garland, and Gaetana Vicinelli.

Macaulay House just managed to edge out Wanstall for top honours, whilst Lucas and Speirs trailed far behind.



Old Boys' Association

OFFICERS

Honorary President

Hon. Mr. Justice G. M. Hyde

Honorary Vice-President

Mr. R. A. Speirs

<i>President</i>	Brian Markland
<i>Vice-President</i>	P. T. Molson
<i>Treasurer</i>	Beau Quinlan
<i>Secretary</i>	Derek Hanson
<i>Past President</i>	Ross T. Clarkson

OTHER MEMBERS OF THE BOARD

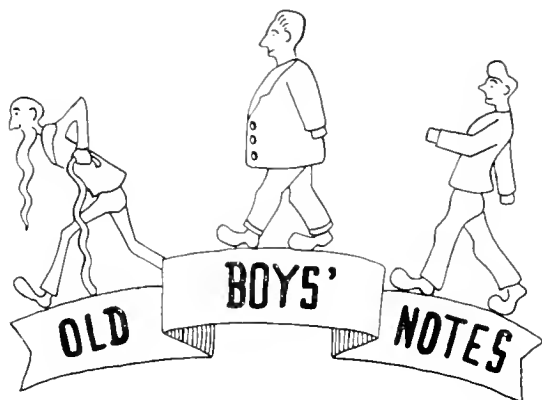
A. K. S. Lomplough	Roy Bond
Conrad Porteous	E. Usher-Jones

Representative of the School's Board of Governors

Gordon MacDougall

Old Boys' Staff Representative

Fred A. Tees



The New President's Message

Fellow Old Boys,

As your new president, it is my honour and privilege to address a few words to you on behalf of the Old Boys' Association. As many of you probably know, the Association was started in 1954 by a group of old boys headed by Ken Motson, who was our president for the first two years. Ken did a very good job of getting the Association started and by the time he resigned in 1956 our membership was over a hundred. Ken was followed as President by Ross Clarkson, who ably directed affairs for 1956. By the end of last year, our membership was up to 138. So for this year we have 22 new members to whom I would like to express a warm welcome. This brings our total membership to date up to 160.

I feel that this is a good occasion to re-state the aims of the Old Boy's Association. Our principal aim is, of course, to provide opportunities for Old Boys of Selwyn House to get together once or twice a year to renew old acquaintances, and talk over old times. The more Old Boys who turn out for the get-togethers, the more successful the Association will be. Therefore, I hope that as many as possible of our members will attend our dinners, and any other events that may be arranged.

The other aim of the Association is to help the School. By that I don't mean that we are going to have regular campaigns for funds. We know how well that would go over in these days of multitudinous demands on our pocket books! We hope that when we have sufficient membership we will be able to finance one or two scholarships which would help a few deserving youngsters to attend S.H.S. who would otherwise not be able to do so.

I have one last word for our members. It is a mundane consideration, but please will you let us know if you change your address! We have lost track of three or four of our charter members because they moved without letting us know where we could find them.

I hope that this year will be a prosperous and expanding year for our association, and that I and my fellow officers and directors will be able to meet personally as many of you as possible at our future functions.

Brion Morkland

Two functions have been held at the school this year, and both have been reasonably well attended. The first of these was the annual dinner, held in December, and the second was the annual meeting and cocktail party held during March. It has given a great deal of satisfaction to the officers of the association to see the age spreads of Old Boys at these functions, with former pupils coming from almost all ages from 1910 graduates to 1946 graduates. It is a great pleasure to see all these people at the school, and for those who have not turned out yet, you have a very pleasant experience in store for you.

ANNUAL DINNER

Our first function was, of course the dinner held in December. About sixty people were present, and we enjoyed a good dinner in the dining hall. We departed from tradition this year, bringing in a non-Old Boy as our speaker, in the person of Herb Capozzi. He told us many tales of his Alouette football days, complete with interesting stories of Pea Head Walker, who is known to most of us through the Press.

COCKTAIL PARTY

After a very brief business meeting, when Ross Clarkson hustled proceedings through in almost record time, thirty five, or forty Old Boys gathered in the Dining Hall in groups, and talked. There was no attempt at organization. Many chose to climb the stairs to find themselves miraculously rejuvenated in the photographs upstairs.

FEDERAL ELECTIONS

Some three years ago, when the St. Antoine Westmount riding was left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Abbott, a most astonishing and distressing thing happened. Two Selwyn House Old Boys took opposite sides in the by-election. The Hon. George C. Marler opposed Egan Chambers, and unfortunately only one of them could win. Fortunately, this year, Mr. Marler will be running again in Westmount, while Mr. Chambers will be running in St. Lawrence-St. George, the School's own riding. Thus, we have a good chance of seeing a Selwyn House Old Boy sitting on both sides of the House in the next session.

NEW "OLD BOY STAFF" MEMBER

A second Old Boy will be joining the staff of Selwyn House next year. This is Tim Rutley, who graduated from the Sixth Form not so very many years ago. Tim has taken an engineering degree at McGill, and after some time in engineering, has decided to go into the educational field. We congratulate him, and hope that he will be very happy in his return to the school.

PHILLIPS EXETER

Francisco Cardona—President of International Club and of the Spanish Club, Kirtland Society, Dramatic Association, French Club, Dorm counselor of Webster Hall, All Club soccer, and in the Senior Class.

Bob Aikman—Astronomy Club, Radio Club, Heavy-clubs Basketball, and in the Upper Middle Class.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

FORM IV

J. D. Borry—Bethune House, Form 4A, Bantam swimming team, French Club, Dramatics Club, Junior Debating Society.

R. W. Colby—Bethune House, Form 4C, Littleside football, 1st Gym team, (bigside) Junior Debating Society.

P. A. Gordon—Brent House, Form 4L, Littleside Hockey, Junior Debating Society, Mathematics Club, Billiards Club, cricket.

D. Bogert—Brent House, Form 4B, Littleside Football, 2nd team squash, Captain third team Squash, Junior Debating Society, French Club, Cadet Band, Woodwork Shop.

J. H. Henwood—Bethune House, Form 4C, Littleside League Football, Rabbit League Hockey, French Club, Junior Debating Society.

N. R. LeMoine—Brent House, Form 4C, Littleside Football League, (Championship team) Littleside team Hockey, Electronics Club, Junior Debating Society, Wood Work Club.

FORM V

R. M. Osler—Brent House, Form 5A, Middleside League Football, Little Big Four Swimming Team, French Club, Dramatics Club, Mathematics Club, Record Staff.

I. Robertson—Bethune House, Form 5M, Littleside League Football, Senior Swimming, French Club, Glee Club, Choir.

FORM VI

C. E. Chaffey—Brent House, Form 6A, Middleside League Football, Political Science Club, Senior Debating Society, Photography Society, Sacristan, Museum Curator.

C. W. Colby—Bethune House, Form 6A, Middleside Football (Colours), 3rd Goford Cup Cross Country (Half 1st team colours), 2nd Squash Team, Maths Club, Debating Society, Senior, "Record" Typist, Art Editor, Trinity Camp Counsellor, Corporal in Cadet Corps, House Officer.

P. B. M. Hyde—Form 6B, Brent House, Senior Squash Team, Middleside League Football, Committee member of Dramatic Society, French Club, Mathematics Club, D.C.R.A., 1st Class badge in shooting, Senior Debating Society.

LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

UPPER SIXTH:

Alex Herron-Russel House.

LOWER SIXTH (Arts):

Michael Lofft—Senior Hockey, French House.

Blair McRobie—Senior Ski Team, Platoon Sergeant, French House.

Tim Peters—Class Capt., News Editor, Band, Junior Football (V. Capt.), Senior Hockey (V. Capt.), Swimming, Russel House.

David Terroux—President of Science Club, Colour Sergeant, Senior Football, Senior Ski Team, Russel House.

LOWER SIXTH (Science):

Blair Corrique—Drummond House.

John Hutcheson—French House

Anthony Moxwell—Class Capt., Colour Sergeant, Senior Football, Senior Ski Team, Russel House.

John Quinlan—Library Stoff, Science Club, Junior Football, Senior Ski Team, Drummond House.

John Savage—Dance Committee, Bugle Sergeant, Swimming, Shooting Team, Woods House.

Richard Udd—Signal Corps, Russel House.

UPPER FIFTH:

Brion Dodd—Entertainment Committee, French House.

Jim Evans—Colour Lieutenant, Senior Football, French House.

Robert Hollett—Junior Football (Mngr.), French House.

Ditlef Knudsen—Stamp Club, Signal Corps, Woods House.

John Louson—Bond, Russel House.

Hugh Matson—Dance Committee, Bond, Senior Football, Senior Basketball, Woods House.

Michael McConnell—Russel House.

Wilson McLean—Dance Committee, Bugle Sergeant, Senior Hockey, Drummond House.

Fred McRobie—Bantam Football, Junior Hockey, French House.

David Phillips—Drummond House.

UPPER FOURTH:

Terry Teryozos—Bantam Football, Russel House.

Bob Zeller—Bantam Football, Junior Hockey, French House.

LOWER FOURTH:

Vytis Kaestli—Junior School Touch Football, Woods House.

BISHOPS COLLEGE SCHOOL**FORM VI**

Michael Alexander—Smith House, 2nd Football Team, Mohawk Hockey Team, Track Team, Printing Club, Assistant Librarian, Ployer's Club, Choir.

Fraser Boillie—Chopman House, 2nd Football Team, Abenoki Hockey Team, Tennis Crease, Debating Society, Assistant Sports Editor in the Magazine.

Winthrop Brainerd—Head Boy, Chapman House, Soccer Crease, 1st Cricket Team (Scorer and Manager), Choir Librarian, Debating Society, Ployer's Club, Company Quartermaster, School Editor.

Michael Byers—Head Boy, Williams House, 1st Football Team, 1st Hockey Team, 1st Cricket Team, Ployers Club, Secretary of Debating Society, Sergeant Major in the Cadet Corps.

Teddy Coumontoros—Chopman House, 2nd Crease Football Team, 1st Hockey Team, 1st Cricket Team, Ployer's Club, Secretary.

William Hambly—Williams House, 2nd Football Crease, Vice Captain of Abenaki Hockey Team, Tennis Crease, Debating Society.

Jahn McLernon—Head Boy, Williams House, 1st Football Team, 1st Hockey Team, Track Team, Corporal in Band, Players' Club, Debating Society.

Rass McMaster—Head Boy, Chapman House, 1st Football Team, 1st Hockey Team, 1st Cricket Team, Lieutenant in Cadet Corps, French Club, Squash Champion.

Duncan McNeill—Williams House, 1st Football Team, 1st Hockey Team, 1st Cricket Team, Chair, Player's Club, Treasurer of Cholet.

Colin Moseley—Williams House, 2nd Football Team, Abenaki Hockey Team, Debating, Tennis Crease.

Deane Nesbitt—Williams House, 2nd Football Crease, 2nd Ski Crease, Tennis Crease, French Club.

Rabin Pitcher—Chapman House, Soccer Crease, 2nd Ski Crease, Tennis Crease, Camera Club, Player's Club.

Toby Rankin—Williams House, Captain of 2nd Football Team, Assistant Captain of 1st Ski Team, 1st Cricket Team, Player's Club, Band Sergeant in Cadet Corps.

Brian Vintcent—Smith House, Soccer Crease, 2nd Ski Crease, Tennis Crease, Chair, Debating, Players' Club.

FORM V

Peter Cumyn—Chapman House, 2nd Ski Crease, Tennis Crease, Choir, Secretary of Debating Society.

Peter Gillespie—Chapman House, Soccer Team, Abenaki Hockey Team, Tennis Crease.

Charles Hart—Williams House, 1st Ski Crease, Tennis Crease.

Alexander Kyrtis—Williams House, Soccer Team, 1st Ski Crease, Under 16 Cricket Crease, Player's Club, Chair.

Jae Meakins—Williams House, 2nd Football Crease, Abenaki Hockey Team, Track Crease, Player's Club, Debating Society.

Carlos Mejio—Williams House, 2nd Football Team, Track Crease, Player's Club, Debating Society.

Peter Vadstrcil—School House, 3rd Crease Football, 1st Ski Crease, Under 16 Cricket Crease, French Club, Camera Club.

FORM IV

Wakeham Pilot—School House, 3rd Crease Football, Hurons Hockey Team, New Boy Cricket.

Bob Yuile—School House, 3rd Crease Football, 2nd B Ski Crease, Under 16 Cricket Crease, Camera Club.

FORM III

David Baillie—School House, 3rd Crease Football, Vice Captain of Bantam Hockey Team, Under 16 Cricket Team.

Bill Church—School House, Soccer Crease, 2nd B Ski Crease, Track Crease.

John Fieldhouse—School House, 3rd Crease Football, Assistant Captain of Huron's Hockey Team, New Boy Cricket Crease, Choir.

Brian Gillespie—School House, 3rd Crease Football, Assistant Captain of Huron's Hockey Team, New Boy Cricket Crease.

Crazier Lucas—School House, 3rd Crease Football, Junior Ski Team, New Boy Cricket, Choir.

David McLernan—School House, 3rd Crease Football, Bantams Hockey Team, New Boy Cricket Crease.

Victor Mills—School House, 3rd Crease Football, Bantams Hockey Team, New Boy Cricket Crease, Choir.

John Newman—School House, 3rd Crease Football, Bantams Hockey Team, New Boy Cricket Crease, Choir.



Autographs

